THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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A.O.H. GOSSIP.

Coming Events in Which Divisions 8 and 9 of the Order Are Particularly Interested—Good Work of Divisions 13 and 23.

Some Remarks on the Good of the Organization, and How to Maintain Its Membership and Efficiency.

Our brothers in Div. 8 will hold their annual festival on Saturday, Oct. 26, in Brand's hall, on North Clark street. It will be a very attractive entertainment for our friends on the North Side, as Brothers Sullivan and Donahue are masters of the arts of hospitality. Brother M. J. Kelly will be in charge of the commissariat, and we may be certain nothing will be wanting to cheer the visitors. While I am always glad to hear from our talkers at all times, I think oratory is out of place at such social gatherings, and that our friends of Div. 8 will make an error at once embarrassing to the speaker as it is to his friends in the audience, if they inflict a speech on the young folks, who are more anxious for a dance than a speech. If a short programme was prepared to be submitted before dancing commenced it would be a source of some interest while the folks are gathering, but interrupting the mazy whirl for an oration often acts as an unwelcome cold blanket, the presence of which is detected in the impatient look of the dancers. However, any programme prepared by our friends in Div. 8 is bound to be enjoyable, and will afford much pleasure to all who avail themselves of the opportunity. I trust our young friends will receive the financial result their enterprise deserves and the attendance their well-managed entertainments can accommodate.

Div. 9, in South Chicago, is planning another monster jubilee, in the management of which Brother P. T. O'Sullivan is such an adept. When the date of the event is published the brothers of greater Chicago should note the same as that of one of the best planned entertainments prepared for any community. State President John F. Keating was in attendance at the meeting of Div. 9 on Oct. 18 and expressed himself as much pleased with the discipline and energy of the officers and brothers of South Chicago. Brothers Duggan, Ahern, White, Foley and Clark are attentive and diligent officials, under whose care the A. O. H. cannot but progress.

A social hour was happily enjoyed by Div. 13 and their visitors on Oct. 17 as usual. President John E. Long presided with that kindliness and impartiality which constitutes him one of the best of chairmen. Div. 13 is situated in and recruited from the old Bridgeport district, and is now becoming one of the most populous sections of our great city. The division is recruited from some of the best and most earnest workers for the Irish cause in Chicago, and whenever a gathering of some of our people is held in that locality you may be certain that Brother John E. Long will be one of the chosen leaders for the management of the same. Having earned their confidence in years of close association, Brother Long continues to retain it by honest devotion to the cause of the race and nation. The State President delivered a short address, and Brother Drumby sang one of his well-selected songs. Brothers Williams, Conway, Sullivan, Moloney, Meany and others contributed to the evening's programme, which closed with some well-delivered remarks on the needs of the division and the growth of the Order.

Away back of the Yards meets Div. 23, and on Tuesday, Oct. 15, the State President found Brother William J. Doherty presiding over a well-attended meeting. There are no flies on Div. 23, nor any of its members, they are plain, earnest Hibernians of the stalwart type, which has kept our flag flying for years through weal or woe. There is not a division in Illinois which can beat the record of Div. 23 for actual work done and money disbursed. To Div. 23 also is due the merit of drawing attention to the need of having a mortuary lot in Mount Olivet, and to the energy of their president is due much of the success of our first picnic, held in '94. To Div. 23 is also due the existence of the company of Hibernian Knights. Other divisions may have orators, professional men and riches, but commend me every time to the workers who, with the motto of our Order before them, and the constitution to guide them, labor to benefit their fellow-man, without desire for advertisement or parade of virtue. We want more divisions like No. 23. We want more plain workers of few words, and to make room for them we will gladly donate our polysyllabic distributors of strained adjectives to retirement until the weather gets warmer. Winter is our season for work. The selection of Brother Sheridan, of Div. 23, Brother John E. Long, of Div. 13, and Brother Duggan, of Div. 9, took place at the meetings noted, and will add three good workers to the committee of arrangements for the entertainment of Dec. 31.

I have been spoken to by a State official about the contents of my letter of last week, and while he agreed that the comments as a warning against future selections were necessary if such objectionable material existed, nevertheless thought I harped on the subject too frequently. I take issue with my friend right there. If I was talking from now until Tibe's eve I could not say too much to warn our people, nor magnify too much the danger which poor officers and weak discipline entail on an organization of our people. I am sorry to say that our people are too lenient to the "good fellow" and too prone to the skyrocket style of organization. If we were more choice in our selection of officers and less liberal in our admission of members we would be of far more benefit to our Order and more sought after by the applicants for membership. How often have we felt the blush rising when we see men in the chair unable to conduct business in a capable manner, and how can you expect the "good fellows" who make periodical exhibitions of themselves to become material for good officers? Do as the writer has done. Go from division to division, noting attendance, discipline and methods, and inquire into the reasons why some grow for six months and fail for nine, why some prosper under difficulties and fall through days of prosperity. Try to probe the causes of the troubles which exist, and then draw your own conclusions. If you will not find that in the majority of cases the cause lies next the evils I have pointed out and referred to, then I will write with sugared pin for all time to come. I am glad, however, to be assured by some that the letters in THE CITIZEN are doing good, and that the spirit is abroad which will lead to members interesting themselves more earnestly in the workings of their divisions. We cannot have too much interest displayed.

One character which I will select for your consideration during the week is the scandal-monger, who is ever a bane in all societies. He may or may not exist among us, but if he does, let us be on our guard. He is a man, or rather a person, who never mentions a man's name without some qualifying epithet derogatory in slight degree. The moment he hears of an acquaintance's misstep he revels in his joyful task of letting the world know. He always has a toothsome morsel for your edification about some person he knows you respect. He will actually bring men into societies so that he can feel at liberty to tell some white lie about a man he knows they have heretofore held in esteem. Watch this cheerful viper close, and crush him when you can. To help you to note the effect of this gentleman's presence you can watch any society he is a member of. He seldom has the ability to get to the top, but he will get to some subordinate position, which gives him a petty importance in the eyes of newer members, and sometimes lends weight to his utterances. Note the membership and you will learn, since his advent into obnoxious prominence, the numbers have been growing less on the roster, and the attendance fallen away to almost nothing. I write from many years' study, and show you the viper's spots that you may beware of his fangs.

I will again ask our friends to remember that the future progress of our great society depends on the officers selected next December; for it is useless and childish for the rank and file to throw the responsibility on the officers when they have elected them. I am anxious to see such men selected as will prove a credit to their division and an aid to the Order. I have the opportunity of noting in many societies, other than ours, the characteristics which distinguish good from bad officials. I notice our nationality in all capacities, and I will continue to point out those features which deserve our disapproval. I do not pose as a prophet, but am confident enough to say that if our people keep out of position the people—if we have such in our ranks—in whom may be detected any such evil qualities as I condemn, I feel confident that the year 1895 will be remarkable for the success and progress of the A. O. H. The trouble with many of our people is, while they acknowledge to themselves the unfitness of the individual, they lack the courage to oppose. Each week I will, if possible, bring to your attention the characteristics which should, or should not, characterize an officer of the A. O. H. If there are any whose twinges of conscience in perusal lead them to believe the shoe pinches them, I am sorry, but assure all I have no individual in view. Anxiety for the best material, experience of years, and knowledge of possible evil from poor officials are the motives which actuate my warning to our people as to their action in the coming December elections. ER.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.

"Pawn Ticket 210," which is to be at Havlin's Theatre next week, commencing Sunday matinee, is one of the brightest dramatic works ever put on the stage. Written by those noted authors David Belasco and Clay M. Greene, it tells a clean, wholesome story, full of absorbing interest throughout and is a decided relief from the old-fashioned stereotyped melodramas. Everything connected with "Pawn Ticket 210" is pleasing. The characters are those which most readily interest the average theatre-goer. The company is a very able one, and is headed by Miss Edith Ellis, who has won the most favorable criticism for the excellence of her singing and the general high character of her work.

Commencing with the matinee Sunday Nov. 3, the musical farce comedy, "The Prodigal Father."

Do You See the testimonials written by people who have been cured of various diseases by Hood's Sarsaparilla? They point the way for you if you need a good medicine.

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THE "COUNTY ANTRIMS,"

Sometimes Called by Themselves "Scotch-Irish," Indigestible Fragments of Animal Matter Which Ireland Has Failed to Assimilate During Three Centuries.

Mr. Joseph Smith Deals With the Hybrids in the "Illustrated American."

For years a certain class of writers have been exploiting the "Anglo-Saxon" race, writes Mr. Joseph Smith in the *Illustrated American*, and have ascribed to it virtues and attributes almost divine. As Anglo-Saxonism has in the end proved to be merely John Bullism, sensible people have turned the mythical animal over to after-dinner speakers and emotional parsons. But the passing of the Anglo-Saxon has left an aching void in the hearts and emotions of people who wanted a race of their own to brag about. They wouldn't have the Anglo-Saxon at any price; they were not Germans or French or Italians or Spanish; they fought shy of the Scotch; they shrieked at the Irish, and they apparently did not understand that the term American was good enough for anybody. In this hysterical crisis they invented that ethnical absurdity, the Scotch-Irishman and Scotch-Irish race. Just what the Scotch-Irish race is, who the Scotch-Irish are, where they come from, what they look like, where their habitat is, are questions that no fellow seems able to answer.

In recent years the people of the United States have been favored with a series of congresses of respectable and worthy citizens, who have assembled to glorify this new race. Within a few days another of these congresses will be held, when these worthy people, who are sane on all other points, will meet and eat and drink and toast and speak of the brand-new race.

An inquiry into the new race is therefore very pertinent.

It is not out of place to say that the proceedings and addresses of these Scotch-Irish congresses have been published, and they are simply delicious, the best examples of unconscious humor in the language. The fun-loving American people should not miss them. I have before me the volume of the second congress, held in 1890—the race is quite a recent discovery, being coeval with the microbe—and I find its contents delightful.

The perusal of this interesting work of fiction compels me to say that the history of the settlement and making of the Republic should be re-written at once in the interest of truth. Such impostors as the English, Irish, French, Dutch, Germans and Spaniards should be exposed at once. For generations we have been wasting our admiration and love on the old humbugs who landed at Plymouth Rock from the rickety Mayflower; we have been tricked into respect and reverence for William Penn; we have allowed ourselves to believe that the idle gentry who settled Virginia were fellows of parts; we have even been led slyly to cherish admiration for such frauds as the French voyageurs, the Spanish conquerors and the stout old Dutch burghers. But that is all over; the illusion has vanished. Columbus, Cortez, Coronado, Penn, Cabot, Hudson, Stuyvesant, Ericsson, Cotton Mather, Winthrop, Miles Standish, Washington, Lafayette, Rochambeau, Pere Marquette and all the rest of them were Scotch-Irishmen, whatever popular misrepresentation may say they were. The Scotch-Irish congresses have settled that with other things. Summed up in a sentence, the framing of the Declaration of Independence, the framing of the Constitution, the founding of the Republic, the making of our laws, the winning of our battles and the establishment of our schools, colleges and universities, are just a few of the things accomplished by this marvelous race, whose light was hidden under several bushels up to a recent period.

Yet, while we are told what the Scotch-Irish have done (and we are favored with the names of a long line of illustrious Scotch-Irishmen), the Scotch-Irish historians have not got down to business and told us where this glorious creature originated; he is still living in some imaginary region like Prester John of old.

Perhaps the man who comes nearest to supplying this aching void and telling us who and what this marvelous ethnic paragon is, is the Rev. John S. Macintosh, of Philadelphia, in his highly entertaining monograph, styled "The Making of the Ulsterman." Let us, in a grave and reverent spirit, examine this gentleman's masterpiece of imaginative literature.

He opens his wonderful story with a meeting in Antrim in Ireland of three men—a Lowlander (Scotch), an Ulsterman (Irish), and himself (an American), whom he calls a Scotch-Irishman, though born on the banks of the Schuylkill. He remarks feelingly, after presenting them to the reader: "There we were, a very evolution in history." They were, in fact, the three Scotch-Irish musketeers; and there they sat, looking out over the Irish waters toward the hungry lowlands of Scotland, pitying the world, scratching their heads thoughtfully, only remembering how they had made the United States, without letting anybody find it out. They talked, figured each other out, and said, like the big, brawny, redlegged Highlanders they were not: "Are we not the splendid men entirely?"

Dr. MacIntosh now proceeds to mix his three musketeers in order to pull the Simon-pure Scotch-Irishman out of the shuffle. Let us follow him slowly, without mirth, if possible.

The first element in the Scotch-Irishman is the Lowland Scotchman. Be sure and get the real article; nothing else will do. Has it ever occurred to you what a remarkable man the Lowlander is? Probably not. You have had your eye on the Highlander as the finest fruit of Scotland; but that is all romance and Walter Scott. The Lowlander is the man; whether he be a hollow-chested Paisley weaver, a penny-scraping Glasgow huxter, or a black-browed border cattle thief. He must also be a true-blue Calvinist and none of your pleasure-loving Papists or Episcopalians. Now, who was the Lowlander of MacIntosh? He was a mixture of Scot, Pict, Norseman, Saxon, Frisian, Briton, Erse, Norman, and possibly a score of other things. The same mixture in dogs produces the noble breed we call a mongrel. Continuing his analysis, the Philadelphia parson says the Scots originally came from the North of Ireland; but in some way they differed from the relations they left behind them. How and why the monographer doesn't say; but the reader will naturally conclude that it was because they had bad taste to leave the fertile vales of Ulster for the starved Lowlands across the water. However, we must go on.

The Lowlander is the seedling from which sprang the Scotch-Irish banyan that has transformed the American continent. Dr. MacIntosh transplants him to Ulster in italics, thus: "The Lowlander becomes the Ulsterman." We have thus made the first stage of the Irish-Scotch hegira.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

IRELAND'S RECORD.

BY MARY E. BLAKE.

Who casts a slur on Irish worth, a stain
on Irish fame,—
Who dreads to own his Irish blood, or
wear his Irish name?
Who scorns the warmth of Irish hearts,
the clasp of Irish hands?
Let us but raise the vail tonight, and
shame him as he stands.

The Irish fame! It rests enshrined within its own proud light.
Wherever sword, or tongue or pen has fashioned deed of might
From battle charge of Fontenoy to Grattan's thunder tone
It holds its storied past on high, unrivaled and alone.

The Irish blood! Its crimson tide has watered hill and plain,
Wherever there were wrongs to right, or freemen's rights to gain;
No dastard thought, no coward fear has held it tamely by
When there were noble deeds to do, or noble deaths to die!

The Irish heart! The Irish heart! God keep it fair and free,
The fulness of its kingly thought, its wealth of honest glee,
Its generous strength, its ardent faith, its uncomplaining trust,
Though every worshipp'd idol breaks and crumbles into dust.

And Irish hands—aye lift them up, embrowned by honest toil,
The champions of our western world, the guardians of the soil;
When flashed their battle swords aloft a waiting world might see
What Irish hands could do and dare to keep a nation free.

They bore our starry flag above through bastion, gate and wall
They stood before the foremost rank the bravest of them all;
And when before the cannon's mouth they held the foe at bay,
Oh never could old Ireland's heart beat prouder than that day.

So when a craven fain would hide the birthmark of his race,
Or slightly speak of Erin's sons before her children's face,
Breathe no weak word of scorn or shame, but crush him where he stands
With Irish worth and Irish fame, as won by Irish hands.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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ANTI-IRISH IGNORANCE.

A Correspondent Dwells on the Sad Fact that the History of Ireland is Too Little Known Even to the Irish People Themselves.

Irish Orangemen Fearfully Benighted in Regard to Their Native Country's Sad and Dramatic Story.

[*To the Editor.*]

I saw with much interest the proceedings of the recent convention, in the daily papers, and have read the first and last line and all between. I am not desirous of occupying much of your time, and will present what I have to say as shortly as it can be put together. I think you are the right paper to undertake the scheme I wish to disclose, as you are among the most influential of Irish-Americans that dare to be Irish in public and private.

At a recent convention of Polish societies, held at Cleveland, O., I think the chairman read a very interesting report, and the most interesting part of it was a statement of what had been done to inform the Polish people at home and abroad with the facts of Polish history, also with maps of Poland and other information which a conquered people find it is not possible to have taught to the young in schools, supervised by strangers well armed and interested in the supervision of the facts and the people too. He told of the expenditure of a large amount of money for these purposes. This idea was like a revelation to me, and thinking of it continually it has grown upon me until it has instigated me to write you this.

Now, I have spent part of my life in the army, and am, in a way, familiar with modern armaments, and to tell you the truth, I am sick at heart when I think of a naked people, however numerous and brave, facing or contending against a modern military organization. Don't think I am going to preach peace to you, for, in fact, I would not believe an Irishman on oath who wished for anything but eternal war against the same old enemy, yours and mine and ours. But there is one thing that I am sure is superior to a military armament, and that is an intelligent, well-informed people knowing their rights and working intelligently to secure them, taking advantage quickly and effectively of any situation that may be turned to their advantage.

Now, having been "Irish all my life," and seeing many things in many places, I have made a few observations, and one of the most disagreeable things I ever did learn was this, very few of our people are even passably well informed of our history, or our present situation as a people, in Ireland or out of it. Not only is this true of our people, but it is just as true of the Orange enemy, natives of Ireland. I have never heard anything more laughably false than some Irish and English history I learned at this place, and other places, from some of my Orange neighbors. The only distinction is this, the Irish have traditions that are more or less founded on historical facts, and can be traced to well-established authority.

But the Orangemen, not poor, ignorant, helpless creatures at all, but prominent men in public life, are the most elaborately misinformed people I ever fell in with in my life. For instance, in this county we have an old Irishman with the name of one of the most honored families to be found in Irish history, who has been in the State legislature, and who, in Canada, had been prominent in politics and was a commissioned officer in a crack regiment of Canadian militia, told me of the services of his family to William of Orange at the Boyne and other places. This was in my office at this place, and when I picked up a volume of Macaulay and pointed to the services of the men he claimed as his ancestors, and their deaths on the fields of the Boyne and of Aughrim, gallantly fighting in the Irish ranks, or rather at the head of them, he walked out and has never spoken to me since. He says I am the "Pope's hired man," and that I had "papish" books (Macaulay's—a shameless Protestant concoction) to mislead the people, etc. The whole Orange colony, which is quite numerous, regard me as a public danger. These men are honest and sincere, but are densely ignorant and brutally misinformed.

Now what I am coming at is this: Can't we take a leaf from that journal of the Polish society and work something out of it for the benefit of the Irish, particularly in America? I have, with shame, seen Irishmen "take water," and deny altogether that they were Irish, under the tongue-lashing of the most ignorant and worthless of mankind, merely because they didn't have the most ordinary information of Irish history or politics. Our people well informed, would be a power in these United States and elsewhere, whereas they are frequently reeds shaken by the winds.

Printing and bookmaking are becoming quite inexpensive. Couldn't we have cheap editions of some of the best authorities on Irish, English and Scotch history and biography? Couldn't the story of Ireland and the Irish be furnished so cheaply that it would find its way not only into the hands of the Irish, but of the other citizens of the United States? We have A. P. Aism out here. I have seen it start, and have been in a position to watch it from the beginning until now, and I assure you its foundation and superstructure are ignorance and craft. Without debasing ignorance it would be an impossible thing here. The craft is universal and makes itself felt whenever it finds the right conditions.

If you have watched the London correspondence of G. W. S. in the weekly New York *Tribune* you have seen to what extent the enemy is availing himself of printer's ink to strike at us. Couldn't we use a little gumption ourselves? We have the most awful story to tell that is to be found in the history of nations. There is dynamite enough, in the mere admissions of the English authors, to blow the English pretense of superior civilization back to the father of lies, to lay bare the whole conspiracy against the Irish people so that even a prejudiced fool could not fail to see it. There is one truth the Irish of today can claim and hold on to, and that is that this is the day of light. Let us work toward the light. We have been blind to some things to our own disadvantage. Let us have an Irish literary propaganda. If you are familiar with the story of Ireland, as told by the English, you cannot fail to see truth is shaded with English darkness, and how the darkest passages are relieved by good serviceable falsehoods. Goldwin Smith and the English literary propaganda are attending to this now. What are we doing?

JUDEX.

BANGOR, S. D., Oct. 15.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

[*To the Editor.*]

The Anglomaniac press of America has exhibited a great deal of senseless hilarity over the organization of the Irish National Alliance. But of this it can be assured, that the new fraternity cannot be killed either by ridicule or denunciation. If there were no reason to dread the effect of its operations there would be no reason for taking notice of it.

Everyone is asking, What will it do, what can it do? But the Alliance need not reply. Its deeds will be more eloquent than words. At present it has two tasks to keep it busy. One is to complete its own organization; to spread and expand itself and its opinions. The other belongs to its national work; to prepare. It has boldly thrown down the gauntlet to the enemy, and it cannot do otherwise than prepare for the great opportunity, and ere long it may help to make the opportunity too.

Attention has been fixed on this—that the Alliance discards parliamentary agitation and falls back on the *ultima ratio* of peoples. Having declared for Irish independence, it announces its method to be fair and open war, and a return to the programme of Wolfe Tone and Emmet. Having turned its back on constitutional methods, the Alliance is logical in demanding total separation from England as its definition of home rule.

The Alliance then is a society of warriors, who believe in war as the only sure method to secure Ireland's national independence. And it is significant that the initials "I. N. A." might be made to stand for Irish National Army. And the intimate title of a council might be a "company." The Alliance, or army, will inevitably, as time goes on, assume a military form. It need have no uniforms, it requires no special flag, but it can, and must, create a legion of Irish soldiers.

The task of preparation is in itself war. In Ireland the government would consider it such. In America it is easy to carry it out successfully. The I. N. A. must insist on giving to each of its members a sufficient military training. It is quite needless to train them like regular soldiers. But there are three lessons that every man must be taught: First, the use and mechanism of one or more patterns of modern rifles; second, to preserve discipline and obey the orders of the commander implicitly; third, to get accustomed to acting together with comrades, for this is what makes the difference between a military body and a mob. After these three lessons have been taught to a new member, he can be entered on the roll as efficient. A few weeks will suffice for this much instruction, and all who desire further training and to perfect themselves in the school of the soldier will be accommodated by the council or company.

The use of military terms and methods is to be encouraged. But it would be even better if these terms were translated into Gaelic, and the titles of officers and the words of command were given in this tongue. The members who have gone through military drill until perfect, can be employed in instructing their comrades in the company or council. In the course of twelve months a very numerous body of Irishmen can be passed through the simple training classes, and, having learned the use of their weapons and how to act together, they would require very little further drilling to fit them for the field. They might not, perhaps, look perfect on a parade ground, but the Alliance army is not intended for parading. Everyone knows that the real drill of a soldier is very much simpler than what is requisite for a parade—a man can do good work at the front who never learned any of the niceties of alignment. W.

West Baden and French Lick Springs.

Commencing Wednesday, May 15, and continuing every Wednesday and Saturday night thereafter, a special Sleeping Car will be run direct from Chicago to West Baden and French Lick Springs via the Monon Route, returning Thursday and Sunday nights. Tickets and Sleeping Car reservations at City Ticket Office, 232 Clark street. Telephone Main 174.

CRISIS IS EXPECTED.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT TO TAKE THE LEAD.

In Opening an Oyster That May Be the Solid Part of a Terrible Stew—Will Proceed at Once to Work Their Concession from Venezuela.

NEW YORK, Oct. 19.—That the Venezuelan question is approaching an acute stage with possibilities of resistance by the South American government to alleged British aggression is signified by disclosures made in New York on the best authority. The government of Venezuela is providing itself with modern armament, and among other supplies has ordered ten improved Maxim guns from the British firm which manufactures them. The order was placed through a New York firm, and the English house, it is supposed, does not know the destination of the goods. At the same time the syndicate of United States capitalists which has secured concessions on the disputed gold lands claimed by Great Britain is preparing to send a large force of prospectors, miners and workmen into the field. William N. Stafford, counsel for the Orinoco company—the American syndicate—made plain the position assumed by the Orinoco company.

Intentions of the Company.

"The company," said he, "proposes to work its concessions without delay. I will send prospectors along the line of the Imataca mountains, whose foothills are supposed to be rich with gold mines. That territory is, of course, in the company's concession, and has always been marked so on the map. But now that there is a prospect of gold there Great Britain claims it. Arrangements are being made to send our men there to develop the company's concessions—not with any intent to start a controversy—but to assert the company's rights. Besides the mines there are other properties in the concessions awaiting development. Great Britain refers to the Schomburgh line, but the fact is she has gone beyond that. That line is purely imaginary. Sir Robert Schomburgh visited Venezuela in 1840, and starting at Point Barema merely drew a line southward on the map.

Venezuela Has the Evidence.

"The Venezuelan government has conclusive evidence that he made no survey. In 1850 Great Britain asserted that it had no intention to occupy or usurp disputed territory. So matters went until 1885. In that year rich gold fields, now yielding $4,000,000 a year, were discovered west of the Schomburgh line, between the Guaima and Paraman rivers. They are known as the Barema gold fields and are fifty to sixty miles west of the Schomburgh line. Nevertheless Great Britain promptly stepped in and claimed that territory. And so she has gone on since claiming land wherever gold has been discovered. The Orinoco company claims those gold fields as being in its concession, and proposes to stand up for its perfectly clear title to them."

BRITISH END OF THE TROUBLE.

Some Important Statements Made by a Conservative Paper.

LONDON, Oct. 19.—The St. James Gazette makes some highly important and sensational statements regarding Venezuela which seem to show that the dispute between that republic and Great Britain has assumed a very grave aspect. It says that since Chamberlain assumed office as secretary of state for the colonies he has paid close attention to the question of the relations between Great Britain and Venezuela, and that he has taken the initiative in directing in part the administration of affairs of the British colony of Guiana, adjoining Venezuela. Chamberlain's hand, it appears, has been felt in the local executive council.

The Gazette then says: "We are now enabled to give the tenor of a remarkable dispatch in which is outlined the imperial policy towards the colonies. The document is of much importance, inasmuch as it was followed by cable instructions from Mr. Chamberlain to the governor of British Guiana, Sir Charles Cameron Lees, to obtain without delay a vote for the provision of two Maxim guns, one of which is to be stationed at Uruan or elsewhere along the frontier where the Venezuelans may attempt to cross. The mere fact that Mr. Chamberlain cabled instructions for the defense of the frontier in this manner is positive proof that the imperial government will not tolerate a repetition of the Uruan incident, and that it intends to hold the frontier within the Schomburgh line, by force if necessary.

"In this dispatch Mr. Chamberlain advocates, especially, fostering gold mining and urges the cutting of a road from the Upper Barima river to Cuyuni, pointing out its importance from a military point of view, as it would enable the government to keep more closely in touch with the frontier, and repel attempts at Venezuelan aggression, adding that, in view of the possibly early and rapid expansion of gold mining it will be necessary to provide adequately for the protection of the northwest district, and recommending an increase in the number of military and police, as well as the erection of barracks on the frontier."

Sir Charles Cameron Lees, governor of British Guiana, has been summoned to London to confer with Chamberlain, secretary of state for the colonies, upon Venezuelan affairs.

NOW HERE COMES GUATEMALA.

Promising to Give Uncle Sam Trouble on His Own Account.

GUATEMALA, Oct. 19.—The government of Guatemala and the Guatemala Central Railway company are at war. The railway is owned by a company chartered in California. C. P. Huntington is its president, Nanne is its manager. The first link in the line, which was one of Blaine's dreams, is finished. It is to be continued to the Mexican frontier. Nanne asserts that if encouraged and supported the line will go from Salvador to Mexico, through Guatemala, within three years.

It was rumored that the railway was for sale, and instantly an official decree was issued by Guatemala providing that sales of railways may be effected only with the knowledge and consent of the government. The government exacts the preference on equal terms with outside purchasers. The decree appears to have been issued to discourage a Scotch syndicate of railroad officers. But it should not affect the Central railway's contract, which expressly stipulates freedom of sale.

The result of the quarrel is awaited with interest.

BIG FIGHT IS OFF.

Corbett and Fitzsimmons Will Not Meet in the Ring.

HOT SPRINGS, Oct. 22.—Unless Robert Fitzsimmons recants and through his manager, Martin Julian, accepts the extraordinary condition which confronts the fight situation here, there will be no contest between Corbett and Fitzsimmons, unless it be an impromptu one, shorn of purse offerings, ring rules, referee and seconds; for Corbett says that unless Fitzsimmons acts the man and accommodates himself to circumstances he will send him to the hospital the first time he meets him, and that he will go quite a way out of his scheduled theatrical route to meet the attentuated Cornishman. There was a conference between Dan A. Stuart, Joe Vendig and the fighters—the latter by proxies Brady representing Corbett, Fitzsimmons' alter ego being his brother-in-law, Martin Julian.

The Florida Athletic club at 1:50 p. m. yesterday declared the contest between James J. Corbett and Robert Fitzsimmons off. Martin Julian, Fitzsimmons' manager, refused to agree to the postponement of the date as desired by the club. He said Fitzsimmons had trained to fight October 31 and was unwilling to train two weeks longer; moreover, Fitzsimmons had contracted to fight Corbett to a finish and he was unwilling to change the programme to a boxing match for points. It is given out that Julian will have Fitzsimmons in Dallas on the 31st, where his contract stipulates the fight should occur and claim the forfeit of $2,500.

STRIKE EXODUS FROM ROCHESTER.

Garment Workers Shake the Dust of the Town from Their Feet.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 22.—The striking garment workers of this city, after a war of six weeks, at a meeting unanimously decided to pack up all household effects and leave the city for New York and Chicago. In the meantime the leaders of the garment makers in the above above named cities were informed of the decision and messages have been received here stating that all arrangements have been made and places secured for the strikers.

Consequently 300 strikers with all their household effects marched to the station yesterday and boarded the train for New York. By Thursday, it is stated, there will not be a garment worker in Rochester. The bosses, since the determination of the strikers became evident, have been doing all in their power to stop the intended exodus, but without avail.

Mid-Continent Exposition.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 18.—Governor Clough has issued a formal invitation to the governors of ten states and to the mayors of the principal cities therein to send representatives to a convention to be held in Minneapolis Nov. 20. The object of the convention is to take the first steps toward holding a great mid-continent exposition between Minneapolis and St. Paul in 1897 or 1898. The states invited are Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Montana, Oregon Washington and Wyoming.

Decision of an Iowa Land Suit.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 22.—In the United States Supreme court in the suits over lands embraced in the grant to the Sioux City and St. Paul Railroad company in O'Brien and Dickinson counties, Iowa, to which the Sioux City road, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road, the United States and the settlers on the lands were parties, it was claimed by the government and the settlers that the Sioux City road had failed to earn about 21,000 acres of these lands, and the decision of the court sustained this contention.

Another Rascally Bank Cashier.

DULUTH, Oct. 18.—C. H. Stuckey, cashier of the State bank, is missing, and with him $15,000 of the bank's cash. He locked the safe and closed the bank as usual in the evening and everything was supposed to be all right. He did not put in an appearance at his accustomed time next morning, however, and when the safe was opened it was discovered that all the bills of large denomination and all of the gold coin was gone.

Ran Into an Open Switch.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Oct. 18.—The southbound passenger train on the St. Louis, Chicago and St. Paul railroad (Bluff line) while between Granite City and Madison ran into an open switch and collided with a number of freight cars. The engineer, Sidney Long, of Springfield, broke his skull, and died later. Bridge Collector Williams, of St. Louis, had a leg broken, and Fireman Johnson was badly bruised on the head.

Suicide of a Young Lady.

MT. WASHINGTON, Ky., Oct 18.—Miss Nettie Easley, a handsome and highly cultured young lady 21 years old, committed suicide by hanging herself. She placed a rope over the limb of a tree, got on a chair, and placing the noose over her head kicked the chair from under her. Unreciprocated affection caused her to commit the rash act.

Soldiers Are Growing Soberer.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 18.—The annual report of the surgeon general of the army for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1895, shows that the prevalence of alcoholism in the army continues to decline. In 1890 no less than seventeen posts had more than ten per cent. of their average strength under medical care for drunkenness, and during the past year only four posts had this percentage.

Twine Mill Destroyed by Fire.

CHAMPAIGN, Ills., Oct. 18.—The Empire Cordage company's large twine mill was destroyed by fire last night. Loss, $100,000; insurance, about $60,000. Over 250 men, boys and girls are thrown out of employment. It is thought the company will not rebuild here.

Senator Herb's Funeral.

ALTON, Ills., Oct. 91.—The funeral of Senator Charles A. Herb was held yesterday afternoon. Six thousand people were present at the grave, including delegations from the senate and house. The services were under the Masonic ritual.

Governor McKinley Derailed.

PAULINA, O., Oct. 19.—The car in which were Governor McKinley, General Bushnell and other prominent men was derailed near Van Wert, O., last night. Nobody hurt. It is alleged that a man threw a switch and ran.

Battleship Indiana a Success.

BOSTON, Oct. 19.—The battleship Indiana has finished her trial trip, having averaged 15.61 knots. The trial was a perfect success in every respect.

SAD DEATH OF YOUNG MACKAY.

The Bonanza King Prostrated at the News—How It Occurred.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 21.—John W. Mackay, the bonanza king, is prostrated over the news of the death of his oldest son, John W. Mackay, Jr., near Paris. The young man was in every respect a son to be proud of, and the blow is a heavy one to his father, who has the earnest sympathy of all who knew his son.

The death was a frightful one. The young man was out trying some horses over hurdles near Paris when his horse bolted with him through the woods. He reeled in the saddle and his head struck a tree, hurling him to the ground with his forehead crushed and both eyes smashed out. He recovered consciousness and recognized his friends by their voices, and bade them goodbye. His last farewell was to a favorite dog, which would not leave his bedside.

John W. Mackay, Jr., was born in this city and aged about 25 years. There is another son, Clarence, aged about 23. Everywhere John, Jr., was known he was liked. He was noted for his good judgment in nearly everything that came under his observation and for a nice sense of personal honor in its best development. His mother was absent from Paris at the time of his death, and the news has nearly broken her heart.

NEW WOMAN CATCHES ON.

Bookkeeper Embezzles $2,000 from Her Employers.

CAMDEN, N. J., Oct. 21.—Mrs. Laura B. Wood, a "new woman," is locked up in the county jail here. It is alleged that she has stolen about $2,000 from the Optime Printing company of New York. Mrs. Wood entered the office of Reuben Freeman, president of the company, about two years ago, and announced: "I am a new woman and I want a job. I haven't any credentials, but I'm an expert bookkeeper, and I'd like a chance to go to work."

Mr. Freeman had just discharged a bookkeeper who had come to him with the highest recommendations and had proved dishonest, so he said recommendations did not amount to much, anyhow. After a short talk he engaged the woman to take the discharged bookkeeper's place. She became a favorite at once, and was trusted until last week, when it was discovered that she had stolen over $2,000 by means of raised checks.

Fatal Explosion of Mine Gas.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Oct. 21.—By an explosion of gas at the Knickerbocker colliery, operated by the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron company, near Shenandoah, three persons were fatally and six others seriously injured. The fatally injured are: Michael Chicoy, Charles Mojak and George Carroll. The seriously injured are Andrew Bosser, Anthony Bubness, Robert Lord, Felix Michalocki, Robert Bubness and John Sohitski. One of the men fired a blast and a second explosion followed.

Women's Christian Temperance Union.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 21.—The subjects discussed in the national convention of the W. C. T. U. were work among the railway men and miners; also the need of proper literature in W. C. T. U. work. It was reported that the Methodist church had taken the lead in using unfermented wine in communion. The delegates to the convention held a meeting in Music Hall yesterday afternoon. Many of them occupied pulpits and delivered addresses to the congregations in various parts of the city yesterday morning and last night.

Full Settlement of Mora's Claim.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 21.—Assistant Secretary Uhl handed to Crammond Kennedy, counsel for Antonio Maximo Mora, a draft on the subtreasury at New York for $594,809.76, in full settlement of Mr. Mora's claim against the government of Spain for the confiscation of his Cuban estates. Mr. Kennedy gave his personal receipt for the draft. It is expected that within a week or two the remainder of the claim under assignments will be adjusted and paid.

Duke of Marlborough Arrested.

NEW YORK, Oct. 19.—The Duke of Marlborough, who is to marry Consuelo Vanderbilt, was arrested by a park policeman for violating the ordinance as to speed of bicycle riding. He declared it an outrage and announced his name, but the policeman told him: "I don't give a d—m who you are," and took him to the station, where he was released after being told that he had clearly violated a city ordinance.

Run on a Bank at Night.

TACOMA, Oct. 22.—The First National bank of Puyallup made a run on its depositors at night, probably the first time such a thing was ever done in the history of banking. Before midnight all were paid. The action was taken because an attempt was made to make the bank pay $4,500 owed to the present county treasurer of Pierce county before paying other depositors.

It Was "Spirited" All Right.

CRIPPLE CREEK, Oct. 22.—Marshal Dan Beneon of Goldfield was instantly killed and Frank Smith, Andy Coyle and Frank Stevens seriously wounded in a spirited battle in the little town of Goldfield at the foot of Bull hill, in which revolvers, shotguns and rifles were called into play.

Given Life Sentence.

CARLINVILLE, Ills., Oct. 22.—Myers, Frost and Bryant, who were on trial for the murder of the Chicago and Alton engineer, Frank Holmes, in attempting a train robbery here last spring, have been sentenced to imprisonment for life. Myers moved for a new trial.

THE DEATH RECORD.

General ERASMUS DARWIN KEYES, distinguished American soldier, an Nice, France.

JAMES GORDON, prominent merchant of Richmond, Va.

Hon. WILLIAM ELWELL, well-known jurist, at Bloomburg, Pa.

Captain DAVID EVANS, of the revenue marine service, at Berlin, Wis.

SETH B. WOOLWORTH, well-known newspaper man, at St. Paul, Minn.

HERMAN BRENNAN, prominent railway man and horsebreeder, at Elkhart, Ind.

EDWIN SLOCUM, old time minstrel man, at Philadelphia.

ALFRED ROBINSON, one of the oldest pioneers in California, at San Francisco.

FRANK HILLS, editor of the Kansas Journal, at Kansas City.

General THOMAS J. PITCHER, U. S. A., retired, at Fort Bayard, N. M.

R. H. CHAMBERLAIN, division superintendent of the Rock Island railway, at Chicago.

THE PRAIRIE STATE.

NEWS OF ILLINOIS REPORTED BY TELEGRAPH.

Some of the Principal Events of the Past Few Days Given in Condensed Form and Placed Together for the Convenience of Our Readers.

CHICAGO, Oct. 18.—The first formal session of the Illinois Young Men's Christian association opened in the First Congregational church, Evanston, with a prayer service by Dr. W W. White, at which more than 400 delegates attended. The total number of districts in the state is eleven, and all are largely represented. The following officers were elected: President, John M. Coulter, of Lake Forest university; secretary, J. S. Horton, of Chicago; assistant secretaries, J. C. Starkkey, of Roodhouse, Ills., and P. O. Landon, of Dixon, Ills. Committees were appointed and then brief written reports from the associations were heard.

Many of the reports showed great progress in the work being done and an increased average attendance at the Sunday meetings. An address by Rev. H. H. Bell was a feature of the session, the subject being "The Word," and Rev. James Small, of Des Moines, talked on "The Worth of Man." Last evening there was a song service, followed by fraternal greetings to the delegates. On account of sickness of a member in the family the Rev. Frank M. Bristol will not be able to deliver his address upon "Our Problem."

CHICAGO, Oct. 21.—At the annual meeting of the state committee, Y. M. C. A., the following were chosen officers for the coming year: Chairman, W. P. Herrick; treasurer, R. F. Goldsmith; secretary, E. F. Parr. All the present secretaries of the state committee, who care for the general work of the association throughout the state, were re-elected.

DEATH OF JUDGE BAILEY.

Member of the Illinois Supreme Court Ends His Career.

FREEPORT, Ills., Oct. 17.—Judge Joseph M. Bailey, of the Illinois supreme court, died at 10 o'clock last night after an illness of several weeks. He was 62 years of age and had served in the legislature and on the appellate and circuit benches before being elevated to the supreme bench. His term would have expired in 1897. Funeral Saturday afternoon.

Freak of a Crazy Man.

CHICAGO, Oct 22.—Gaius S. Merwin, who fortified himself in his house, 35 Woodland Park, and fired forty-four shots from a rifle and revolver at his neighbors and the suburban trains on the Illinois Central road, is resting quietly at the detention hospital. He did not hit anybody and was finally captured by the police after a large quantity of sulphur had been put in the furnace in the cellar, the fumes filling the house and overcoming Merwin, who was found unconscious on a bed, with his revolver and rifle beside him.

Illinois Mine Inspectors Appointed.

SPRINGFIELD, Oct. 22.—Gov. Altgeld has appointed the following state mine inspectors: First district, James Keating, Peoria; second, Charles Duncan, Streator; third, Robert Pickett, Spring Valley; fourth, Henry Malloy, Decatur; fifth, John Keay, Springfield; sixth, Thomas S. Cummings, Gardner; seventh, James Bennett, Hollidaysboro, Jackson county. All are Democrats except Mr. Pickett, who is a Populist.

Carried Off the Safe.

HAVANA, Ills., Oct. 21.—Burglars forced the store of Deverman & Himmel at Topeka, Ills., about seven miles from here, and, taking the iron safe that weighed about 600 pounds, carried it to the railroad track, 100 yards away. There they put it on a truck and took it to Simmons' mill, one and one-half miles from Topeka, then they blew it open and secured $150.

Postoffice Robbers Sentenced.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Oct. 21.—David English, Walter Hiatt, William S. Rush and William Russell pleaded guilty in the federal court to robbing the postoffices at Grafton, Jersey county, and Riggstown, Mergan county, Ills. Judge Allen sentenced Hiatt to four years, Rush to two and Russell and English to one each in the penitentiary.

Illinois Mayor Indicted.

DANVILLE, Oct. 19.—Mayor William L. Runyan, of this city, has been indicted by the grand jury for malfeasance in office. The specific charge is that he hindered the city marshal from destroying gambling matgrial which the city council ordered destroyed. The mayor is in Buffalo, N. Y., and will be arrested on his return.

Illinois State Taxes.

SPRINGFIELD, Oct. 21.—Auditor Gore has received the state taxes for 1894 from all the counties excepting Cook. The total paid into the state treasury is $2,306,910, with about $125,000 due from Cook.

Escaping Prisoner Recaptured.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Oct. 22.—Arthur Ashbrook, who escaped from Sheriff Baxter on the way to Chester penitentiary at Macoupin station, has been arrested at Shipman and taken on to Chester.

Death of State Senator Herb.

ALTON, Ills., Oct. 17.—Charles August Herb, state senator from the Forty-seventh district, died yesterday afternoon from paralysis, aged 49 years.

State Items.

At Rockford, Ills., the city council has decided to purchase the Chick Milling company's plant for $30,000 and establish a city electric light plant.

Jenman Tice, father of ex-Representative Homer Tice, was struck by an Alton train at a grade crossing near Greenview, Ills., and possibly fatally injured.

Major Garret J. Carroll, of the Seventh Illinois regiment, has been found guilty of appearing in the armory in an intoxicated condition, and publicly reprimanded and disgraced.

La Verne Boyd, aged 17, a special delivery messenger at the postoffice at Springfield, Ills., has been bound over in $1,000, charged with robbing the mail.

The jury in the trial of Jack Frost, Ebb Bryant and Bernard Reinagel, alias Ben Myers, for the murder of Frank Holmes, the Chicago and Alton engineer, on May 1, rendered a verdict at Carlinville, Ills., of guilty. All three were sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

Ten Children Burned to Death.

WARSAW, Oct. 22.—The Children's home at Stargard, in the Sajonschek district of Polish Prussia, has been destroyed by fire. Ten children perished in the flames.

SHERMAN'S BOOK OF MEMOIRS.

Raises a Storm of Comment in the World of Politics.

CHICAGO, Oct. 21.—The review of the book written by Senator John Sherman, of Ohio, giving his experiences of over forty years as congressman, cabinet officer and party leader, has raised a storm of comment, especially as to the senator's view of the action of General Garfield in accepting the nomination for president in a convention in which he was the leader of the Sherman forces. The review says that Sherman's book rather caustically criticises Garfield for accepting that nomination, and while making no absolute charges of bad faith, leaves it to be inferred that Garfield's action did not come up to Sherman's idea of political honor.

Sherman, having his attention called to the review, says it colors his statements in a way not justified by the text; he had not censured Garfield either directly or by inference. Editor Medill, of The Tribune of this city, says Garfield was not untrue to Sherman; that the nomination was spontaneous and could not have been prevented by Garfield. Both he and Editor DeYoung, of San Francisco, taking the review as correct, say Sherman's condemnation of Garfield is the outcropping of disappointed ambition.

Editor McCullagh, of St. Louis, takes the same view. General Harrison is safe from the interviewer, being strictly quarantined at the sick bed of his little grandson, "Baby" McKee, who has the scarlet fever. The quarantine bars even a written statement. Harry Garfield, the dead president's son, declines to make a statement unless after reading the book, but says his father's biography will be printed and the reply will be made therein.

BIG GUNS IN MASONRY.

Supreme Council of Inspectors General in Session at Washington.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 21.—The supreme council of the inspectors general of the thirty-thirty degree Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Free Masonry, in the southern jurisdiction of the United States, mother superior council of the would, began a biennial session at the House of the Temple here and will remain in session until Friday or Saturday. The lieutenant and acting grand commander Thomas Hubbard Caswell of California presided. After the formal ceremonies of opening the presiding officer read an allocution.

The first business of importance will be the election of a grand commander to succeed the late Philip C. Tucker of Texas, who died in the House of Temple about a year ago. It is understood that Mr. Caswell will be elected without opposition, and his election will cause a promotion along the line. All the officers of the supreme council are elected for life. A number of important questions will come up for consideration, among them that relating to the right of deputies to communicate degrees and collect the fees for the supreme council.

Terrible Accident to Campers.

DAVIS, W. Va., Oct. 22.—The particulars have reached here of a shocking and fatal accident on Shaffers mountain in Randolph county. Marion H. Carr, accompanied by his wife and two sons went into the mountain in search of gensing, building a camp at night, which they covered with slabs. Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning a big maple tree broke and fell on the rude cabin. Mrs. Carr and her son George were killed instantly.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Oct. 21.

Money on call nominally 2@2½ per cent.; prime mercantile paper, 4½@5 per cent.; sterling exchange was weak with actual business in bankers' bills at 486@488¼ for demand and 487@487¼ for sixty days; posted rates 487½@488¼ and 488¼@489½; commercial bills, 486.

Silver certificates, 67½@67¾; no sales; bar silver, 67¾. Mexican dollars, 50¾.

United States government bonds steady; new 4's reg., 121½; do. coupons, 122½; 5's reg. 114¾; 5's coupons, 115¾; 4's reg., 111¾; 4's coupons, 111¾; 2's reg., 97½; Pacific 6's of '95, 100.

Chicago Produce and Grain.

CHICAGO, Oct. 21.

The following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—October, opened 58¾c, closed 59¼c; December, opened 59¾c, closed 60¾c; May, opened 64c, closed 64¾c. Corn—October, opened 29½c, closed 29¾c; December, opened 27¾c, closed 27¾c; May, opened 29¾c, closed 29¾c. Oats—October, opened 17¾c, closed 17¾c; December, opened 17¾c, closed 17¾c; May, opened 20¾c, closed 20¾c. Pork — October, nominal, closed $8.12½; January, opened $9.17½, closed $9.12½. Lard—October, opened $5.60, closed $5.47½; January, opened $5.60, closed $5.60.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 22c per lb; extra dairy, 15c; packing stock, 7@9c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 16@16½c per doz. Poultry—Spring chickens, 8½@9c per lb; oldhens, 6½@7½c; roosters, 5c; turkeys, 6½ ducks, 8½@9c; geese, $5.00@7.00 per doz. Potatoes—Burbanks, 21@24c per bu; sweet potatoes, Illinois, $1.40@1.50 per bbl. Apples—Fair to choice, $1.00@3.00 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1 lb. sections, fancy, 15c; broken comb, 13@14c; extracted, 5@6c per lb.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Oct. 21.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 40,000; sales ranged at $4.75@5.65 pigs, $5.35@5.55 light, $5.25@5.45 rough packing, $5.45@5.90 mixed, and $5.35@5.85 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day 16,000; quotations ranged at $4.90@5.35 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.25@4.90 good to choice do., $3.75@4.20 fair to good, $3.50@3.80 common to medium do., $3.15@3.80 butchers' steers, $2.15@2.90 stockers, $3.00@3.60 feeders, $1.30@3.50 cows, $2.40@3.50 heifers, $1.75@3.75 bulls, $3.85@4.20 Texas steers, $2.90@4.05 western range steers, and $3.00@6.00 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 20,000; sales ranged at $2.00@3.15 westerns, $1.75@2.85 Texas, $1.75@3.50 natives, and $2.60@4.50 lambs.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

EAST BUFFALO, Oct. 21.

Hogs—Receipts, 16,000; market fairly active; good Yorkers, medium mixed and heavy selling at about $4.10; heavy ends, $4.00. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 18,000; sheep and lambs dull and prices unchanged; eastern reports very bad; best lambs, $3.75@4.60; export sheep, $3.50@3.75; fair sheep, $1.50@2.00; culls, $1.00@1.25; sheep, best $2.00@2.50; fair lambs, $3.00@3.50. Calves—$4.50@7.00. Cattle—Receipts, 5,000; market active and strong at last Monday's prices; best 1,600@1,300 lb. steers, $4.50@4.85; heavy coarse steers, $4.00@4.25; butchers, $3.00@3.50.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 21.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 57¾c; No. 1 northern, 59¼c; December, 59¼c. Corn—No. 3, 30½c. Oats—No. 2 white, 20½c; No. 3 do., 19@20c. Barley—No. 2, 40½c; samples, 24@42c. Rye—No. 1, 40c.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 21.

Wheat—Cash, 61¾c; December, 61¾c; May, 66¾c. Corn—Cash, 27½c; December, 24½c; May, 28c. Oats—Cash, 17c; December, 18½c; May, 20¾@20¼c.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, Oct. 21.

Wheat—Cash white, 66¾c; cash red, 60¾c asked; December, 60¾c bid; May, 68¾c. asked

HISTORY OF A WEEK

Wednesday, Oct. 16.

Through a matrimonial agency Mrs. Nellie Patterson, of Chicago, married M. J. Devine six weeks ago. Last Sunday he managed to get hold of $920 of his wife's money and has since been missing.

W. W. Rupert, the ball player, was fatally wounded by the accidental discharge of a companion's gun while hunting near Spencerville, O.

Footpads robbed Nettie Gillis, 15 years old, of $3 in front of the Chicago clubhouse, Michigan avenue and Van Buren street. She was left unconscious on the sidewalk.

Elizabeth M. Flagler, daughter of General Flagler, has been indicted for manslaughter at Washington for shooting and killing Ernest Green, colored, last August.

During the present epidemic of cholera in Japan there have been 42,706 cases and 28,513 deaths.

Frank Napoli, an Italian fruit merchant, killed his best friend and partner, Giovanni Sherota, at Birmingham, Ala, mistaking him for a burglar.

Cashier Farrar, accused of defalcation from a bank at Perry, O. T. is under arrest.

Thursday, Oct. 17.

Denver is in a blaze of glory celebrating the first annual Festival of Mountain and Plain inaugurated this year.

Van Bokkelan, who robbed the bank at Chicago which employed and trusted him, has arrived in that city in charge of Pinkerton detectives, who ran him down in Mexico.

In a paper read by Charles E. Lenney, director of the Illinois state weather bureau, in the convention of the state weather observers at Indianapolis, he showed by statistics compiled at Chicago that crime increases with a rise in the temperature and is less prevalent in winter than at any other season.

Governor Thornton, of New Mexico, when approached by emissaries of the Florida Athletic club, declared that under no circumstances would he permit Corbett and Fitzsimmons to fight in the territory.

The report that the queen of Corea was assassinated has been confirmed.

Fifty Armenians are reported to have been killed by a Moslem mob at Akhissar Adin.

Sylvester S. Russell, of the firm of Russell & Cornish, undertakers, dropped dead on State street, Chicago. Heart disease was the cause.

Friday, Oct. 18.

Dan E. Young, an old citizen and prominent politician of the county, was murdered in Oak canon, eight miles from Folsom, N. M. He had been shot from behind and was badly bruised on the head.

It is 190 days since the British ship Lord Spencer left San Francisco for Queenstown and not a word has been heard from her.

Postoffice Inspector Salmon has served notice on members of Cincinnati churches who have been mailing tickets for church raffles and grab-bags that these cases come under the lottery law and that the offenses must cease.

Stockholders of the Pullman Palace Car company were declared their usual quarterly dividend of $2 a share at a meeting of the directors at Chicago.

Developments in the case of Defaulting Cashier J. R. Celean, of the State bank at Fort Scott, Kan., show his shortage to be $50,000 in instead of $23,000, as at first supposed.

A congress is "on" now at the Atlantic exposition which is discussing the question of good roads.

Saturday, Oct. 19.

Henry Echinacke shot himself at Chicago. He was disappointed over his failure to secure an estate for which he made a journey to Europe.

The sultan of Turkey has signed the Armenian reform scheme demanded by the European powers.

Jacob Renard, said to represent a Chicago firm, has applied to the Brooklyn health office for permission to establish an abattoir in Clay street for the purpose of slaughtering horses for export to Europe.

The military reservation at Fort Stanton, N. M., is to be abandoned.

The report that Brazil had recognized the Cuban insurgents is untrue.

Clothespin manufacturers are organizing a trust.

The president has pardoned Van Leuven, the pension law violator, of Iowa.

Albert Snider, 7 years old, living at Chicago, was run over and almost instantly killed by a Western avenue electric car.

The City of Mexico branch of the Young Men's Christian association is to be wound up, owing to financial difficulties.

Monday, Oct. 21.

The paper box manufactory of Wellhouse & Sons at Atlanta burned. Loss, $160,000.

The national convention of Lutheran Young People's societies will meet Oct. 30 and 31 at Pittsburg.

Louis Schwarz, 144 Grand street, New York, dealer in woolens, has assigned. Liabilities, about $60,000; actual assets, probably as large.

The Gold-Beaters union has ordered a strike for better wages at New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Boston. Their present wages are about $7 per week.

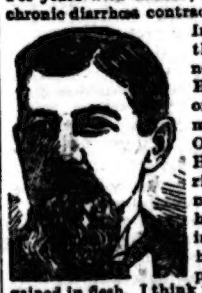
Maud Lewis, of St. Louis, who murmurdered her paramour, State Senator Peter Morrissey, has been sentenced to the penitentiary for fifteen years.

The main building of the Northwestern Fertilizing company at the Chicago stock yards burned. Loss, $150,000.

Three prisoners—Thomas McCarthy, A. J. Gray and J. G. Stuart, the last two express robbers, nearly killed the jailer at Colorado Springs, Colo., and escaped. The jailer is reported fatally hurt.

My Husband Suffered

For years with catarrh, rheumatism and chronic diarrhœa contracted in the war. In the fall he had the grip and came near death's door. He could not eat or sleep and was much emaciated. One bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla did him so much good that he kept on taking it. He now has a good appetite and has gained in flesh. I think it saved his life."



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Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

LITTLE PINK ARMS.

Dainty arms, so pink and soft,
Clasped in close embrace,
Round my neck are folded oft,
While kisses rain on my face.

The roguish face, close to my own,
Is brimming over with fun;
While the sweetest voice lisps in my ear,
"Mamma, you're the dearest one!"

When night drops her star gemmed curtain,
And evening prayers are said,
My little one creeps in my lap
And pillows her golden head.

The hazel eyes are winking fast,
The drowsy voice is low;
Sweet words are whispered in my ear,
"Mamma, I love you so!"

How many weary hearts,
Tired of this life's alarms,
Find their sweetest comfort
In the clasp of childish arms!

Messengers straight from heaven
Are little children, sent
To teach us to love the giver
Who our treasures to us hath lent.

God help the sorrowing mothers
And fathers all over our land
Whose children have joined the chorus
Sung by the angel band.

Oh, the little cribs are empty,
Once so full of happy life,
While we are left in this weary world
To toil in its hurry and strife!

But when our work is over
And death has brought its calm,
In heaven, once more, around our necks
Shall we feel the childish arms.

And then how sweet the thought!
How glad we are to know
Once more we'll hear our darling say,
"Mamma, I love you so!"

—Boston Globe.

MONTANA BILL.

It was evident that something of uncommon interest had been arranged for the meeting that evening at the headquarters of the Salvation Army in San Francisco. Throughout the large attending crowd the spirit of expectancy moved uneasily, but with muffled wings, its energy stirred not only by divers vagrant rumors on the street, but also by many flowers and foliage plants which hampered the stage.

After some preliminary religious exercises conducted by the brigadier, a man with a clean face, a clear eye and a coaxing voice, that gentleman made the following speech:

"You doubtless all read at the time of its publication a telegram from Butte, Mon., announcing the distressing experience of our brave little sister, Cadet Annie Smith, who was so great a favorite with us here before she was assigned to duty at Butte."

There was an amused twinkle in the brigadier's eyes, but in the audience there was a spreading titter.

"Well," resumed the brigadier, "our noble little sister, with the help of God, passed safely through the ordeal, as most of you are aware, but as it is a part of our plan to confess publicly our errors and shortcomings I will ask Cadet Smith to give you the true and full account of what happened to her at Butte."

A faint clapping of hands, a vociferous "God bless Cadet Smith!" here and there and a removal of some of the restraints which muffled the wings of the spirit of expectancy greeted the ascent to the platform of a small, lithe young figure arrayed in the somber blue and quaint poke bonnet of the army. Her face was a glowing crimson as she faced the audience, but her eyes were bright and her glance was firm, and the vigor of a strong and sturdy soul lent a certain grace of freedom to her pose.

"After I had served several months selling War Crys in San Francisco," she began with a steady voice, which had acquired that plaintive quality so common among the hard workers in the cause, "I was sent to Butte, where there was a small corps of workers. They had become discouraged, and it was thought that my experience would help them a little. I didn't know that Butte was so different from San Francisco, and the members of the corps there didn't know it either, because they had never worked anywhere else. That is why they didn't tell me some things that I wish I had known more about.

"I started out the first day with about 200 War Crys. They looked surprised at the corps headquarters when I asked for so many, but I thought I could sell them.

"Of course I went into the hardest part of town, and after I had visited one or two saloons and failed to sell a copy I went into another one. A good many men were gambling. I had never seen anything but card playing in San Francisco, but they had wheels of fortune and a great many other things to gamble with. Several men were drinking at the bar. I went among them all and asked them to buy the paper, but they simply stared at me in wonder. The games began to stop, and then a big, fine looking man with a broad brimmed hat came up to me and said—and he said—he said, 'Hello, little Parson Sally, what do you want?' He said it just like that. He was so big and his voice was so deep—and—and he was so"—

"Out with it, cadet!" cried a half dozen voices in the audience as the girl broke down, stammering and blushing.

"Handsome!" she added desperately, as though the saying of the word was a cross between martyrdom and the confession of a mortal sin. Great applause and laughter followed this declaration, with an occasional "God bless Cadet Annie!" This so overwhelmed the girl that her lips trembled and tears sprang to her eyes, and she cast a despairing, appealing glance toward one particular spot before her in the audience where she had not had the courage to look before. That single look was sufficient to rive the bonds of decorum which had held a giant in restraint, and the uprising of a towering frame sent the brigadier's programme and discipline tumbling into chaos. The tall man approached and mounted the platform with the stride of a grenadier, while Cadet Annie gazed at him with a dismay which was still inefficient to quench the light of the stars that shone all the brighter in her eyes now that her cheeks had paled. Simultaneously a startled hush fell upon the audience, for, although the familiar uniform of the Salvation Army sat upon the man's splendid frame, he was a stranger to all, and there was a commanding air about him that stilled all sounds.

He stalked to the girl's side and stood there, facing the big crowd like a lion at bay in defense of his lair.

And an uncommonly handsome man he was, with swarthy face, jet black wavy hair worn long, and formidable black mustache and imperial. These two made a strange picture as they stood side by side, she so small and seemingly so frail, he so tall and muscular and competent; she looking up at him, he ignoring her and sweeping the hall with a glance half of defiance, half of benignancy and wholly of strength and mastery. When the man spoke, his voice rolled forth in those rounded billows that in a rich diapason sing the mysteries of the deep.

"My friends," he said, "with God's help and the brigadier's consent"—which he never took the trouble to secure—"it seems too hard for this poor child to tell what happened to her in the gambling house at Butte that day. I was there when it happened and saw it all, and I will tell you the story. I can't bear to see her tortured as she has been this night. Cadet Annie Smith, take your seat."

He said that still without looking at her. With a glance at the brigadier which meant, "How can I help it when this big thing shoulders me away?" she slipped behind the rose embanked parlor organ and the embowering foliage plants on the stage and was lost to view.

The brigadier sat watching the man with a peculiar expression, which no one could have understood had any one thought to observe it, but the stranger so completely filled all eyes and so impressed his masterly personality on the consciousness of all who could see and hear that nothing else could be observed. The stranger resumed:

"I knowed the gambler that played it low down on this brave little Salvation Army lassie that day—knowed him well. He was a big, hulking dog that had skinned tenderfeet all the way between Puget sound and Lake Michigan. He didn't know what it was to earn an honest living. He just sailed through life laughing at everything and skinning tenderfeet.

"He was running a faro game in the Montana joint when somebody left the door open and this little girl drifted in. The fellows wasn't used to the way she went after'em. She just waded right in and tackled 'em, and them blue eyes that she carried in her head looked straight at 'em and through 'em, as much as to say, 'I think you'd be a real decent fellow if you'd read the War Cry, quit gambling, quit drinking gin and have respect for good women.' That's what the fellows told me her eyes said to 'em.

"Then the big gambler she started to tell you about comes up and says to her, 'Hello, little Parson Sally, what do you want?' 'I want to sell you a War Cry,' she says. 'A what?' says he. 'A War Cry,' says she, and her calm blue eyes looked him through and through. 'A War Cry?' says he. 'What's that?' And he knowed as well as she did what it was.

"After badgering her that way and not making her lose an inch of ground he told her he'd make a proposition by which she might sell him all the War Crys she had. The poor little thing listened to him, and her eyes got bright, and she asked him what the proposition was. He had her sit down at a card table, and he took three cards—a king and two spot cards—and shuffled 'em on the table so that she could see the king while he was shuffling 'em, and then asked her if she could pick out the king as the three cards lay face down, alongside one another, on the table. She said of course she could. He says to her, 'Try it.' She done so, and of course she picked out the king.

"He says: 'That's smart, and I didn't think you could do it. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll shuffle the cards, and every time you pick out the king I'll buy two War Crys. Every time you pick out a spot card you are to give me a War Cry for nothing.' She agreed to that.

"The poor child didn't know that she was gambling—didn't know that she was tackling the notorious Montana Bill in his particular specialty—didn't know that she had run up against the slickest three card monte thrower in the whole northwest.

"Well, you know what happened. Bill cleaned the poor child out of every War Cry she had and then laughed at her. I saw her as she sat there, and I saw how she looked when she began to realize that she had lost all her papers and didn't have a cent to show for 'em. I saw how white she got and how she stared at Bill like he'd run a knife through her body. I saw how she got up and looked around at the laughing men, like a lamb cornered by a pack of wolves. I saw her try hard to keep down the tears, and then she says, 'Men, I will pray to God to lead you all into better lives.' And her voice was so choked up she couldn't say any more. Then she walked out slowly and cried all the way up the street."

The big man paused, for his own voice had become unaccountably thick and had lost much of its rich, deep swing and resonance. But he soon regained his self possession and then proceeded:

"Montana Bill was a hard case for sure, but he had a small streak of manhood somewhere under his thick skin. The boys in the joint all thought it was a great joke on the little girl, and they laughed and shouted till they almost cracked the roof. But Bill didn't laugh. He stood silent and glum, with his hands in his pockets, looking out through the door. Then he went out, saying he had a game awaiting for him at Ike's saloon, and he went slouching up the street. The farther he got away from the joint the faster he walked, and then he done a sneaking thing—he looked back to see if any of the boys was following him. They wasn't, though, and then he let out them long legs of his for the liveliest walk he ever took in his life.

"He soon caught sight of her, and then he slowed up and followed. She was still crying, and people would stop and wonder what was the matter, and some of 'em laughed. Bill got on to that, and it riled him through and through. He slapped one fellow clean into the middle of the street and went right on without a word. I heard afterward that several people that he knowed spoke to him, but he didn't see none of 'em, and kept right on.

"The girl went straight to the headquarters of the Salvation Army, and Bill followed her in. She went into a little office, where there didn't happen to be anybody else, and sat down and put her head on the table and cried like her heart was broke. For the first time in his life Montana Bill's nerve broke down. She looked so small and forlorn and miserable that if he hadn't been the man that done her up he'd 'a' gone out and whipped the feller that did. And when he knowed that he was that identical scoundrel and that there wasn't anybody big enough and man enough to whip him, he felt just like a thoroughbred dog that had been caught sucking eggs.

"I want to say this for Bill. Bad as he was, he never meant to rob the girl. He was only having fun with her in the saloon, and he meant to give her back the papers, but it was the way she acted in the saloon that made him forget. It was the pity that she showed for him and the little prayer she said that made him lose his head. And that was the first time in his life that Montana Bill ever lost his head.

"And so, when he saw her crying out her heart in the little office, she not knowing that anybody was about, he didn't have the nerve to own up like a man. He just sneaked a $20 goldpiece on to the table and tried to steal out like a thief. But she heard him, and saw the money, and looked at him like he was a ghost, and sprung ahead of him and stopped him, and stood there looking at him with a look he'd never seen in no mortal face in his life.

"'It was God who put it into your heart to follow me and bring that money,' she said to him, 'and as he has done that much he has done more, and will keep on doing more, until that big manly heart in your body beats altogether for mankind and its Redeemer.'"

The giant paused. His narrative had been so simple and earnest that there were tears in many eyes. Perhaps it was these that sent his self mastery astray, for when he essayed speech again he failed. Then he looked so foolish and helpless that a suppressed titter ran through the audience, and this made it all the worse for him.

At this juncture the brigadier stepped forth. A half merry, half whimsical expression lighted up his face as he gently pushed the giant into a platform seat facing the audience, and then said:

"And so it was too hard for the poor little girl to be made to tell before all these people what happened to her in the Butte saloon that day, and so a great, strong man, seeing how small and cruelly tortured she was, would come forward as her knight and protector. He would show the strength that lies in the heart of a giant. He"—

But the audience, having already caught the point and seeing how foolish and childish the giant looked as he sat facing them with tears streaming down his cheeks, burst into great laughter and applause, with a "Hallelujah!" and a "God bless the big man!" now and then.

"This being the case," resumed the brigadier, "we may now proceed to the more interesting business of the evening. Cadet Annie Smith!" he called.

Two sparkling blue eyes, shining like stars under the canopy of a quaint blue poke bonnet, emerged from behind the foliage. Two fresh young cheeks as deeply banked with pink and red roses as the organ itself accompanied the eyes, and a trim little girlish figure, which owned the stars and the roses, advanced timidly to the front. A smile and a nod from the brigadier evoked activity in the collapsed muscles of the foolish giant, who sat on the platform like an awkward schoolboy, and he came and stood clumsily beside the girl, and neither looked at the other.

"My friends," said the brigadier in a very gentle and reverential voice, "it has pleased God to place it in my power to unite in the holy bond of matrimony this night two of the noblest hearts that ever beat in the service of the Saviour. One of these is Cadet Annie Smith, whom many of you know and love. The other is William Chatsworth Harvey, formerly known as Montana Bill, the sleekest three card monte sharp in the whole northwest."—San Francisco Call.

Looked Like Reason.

A robin's nest and a kingbird's nest were situated in adjoining trees, each containing young birds. When the kingbirds saw the robin bringing a worm to feed its young, they would attack it and make it give up the food intended for the young robins. After being robbed a few times the robin appeared with a worm, accompanied by two other robins, and when the kingbird made his appearance the two extra robins pitched in and gave him a sound thrashing, while the one with the worm fed its young and seemed to be laughing all the while. The game was played until the kingbird gave it up.—Lewiston Journal.

Human Nature.

Passenger—Look, conductor, there's a crowd of people who want this car.

Conductor—Not one of them.

"Then why are they running at it so frantically?"

"They only want to cross in front of it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

READ

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Published and Edited by

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AN INSECT DUEL.

A Fight to Death Between a Wasp and a Spider.

"I saw a wonderful exhibition of the bravery of insects while I was on my vacation last summer," said the professor, after the coffee had been brought on and the cigars had been lighted. "I spent my holiday camping out," he continued, "and the sight to which I refer was a fight to the death between a wasp and a spider.

"Soon after my tent was pitched I awoke one morning and heard a buzzing sound in the peak of my canvas house. Looking up while still lying on my improvised bed, I saw a wasp building his mud house on the tent pole. Several times he went out and returned a few minutes later with his load of clay, which very soon formed another section of his abode.

"The next morning, at just about sunrise, I heard the buzzing again, but it seemed to have increased in volume. Glancing up again, I soon saw the reason. A big spider had spun a web completely across the corner of the tent, shutting the half finished home of the wasp off, so that it could not be reached except by passing through the web. The spider was an ugly looking black fellow, and he stood on guard watching the movements of the wasp. The latter flew backward and forward, looking for an opening to his domicile. Then he remained still in the air for a second or two, as if taking a general view of the situation. Finally he alighted on the tent pole within an inch or so of the edge of the web and seemed to be making up his mind what to do next.

"By this time I had become interested, and wondered what his plan of action would be. While I was still contemplating the two foes the wasp flew off the pole and directly toward the spider, which had been keenly watching him and was evidently ready for the fray, if there was to be one. As the wasp flew past his enemy he curled the under part of his body up so that the part containing the stinger would come in close proximity to the spider.

"The latter was evidently accustomed to such warfare, however, because he got out of the way in a twinkling. Maddened at his defeat, the wasp took a turn and went back again. Once more the spider eluded his venomous stinger, but at the same time he appeared to be trying to bite the wasp. The spider might have retreated so far away from his web fort that his enemy could not have touched him until the obstruction was broken down, but he evidently did not intend to have his carefully constructed flytrap destroyed without a struggle.

"There were several skirmishes of the kind already described, and then the wasp again alighted on the tent pole, as though reconnoitering and getting breath for a grand onslaught. That this was exactly what he was doing was proved by what followed. After remaining on the pole for a few seconds he flew off and poised himself in the air a foot or so below the web. Then he darted directly for the spider, and went completely through the web at the exact spot which had been occupied by the spider a second before.

"For an instant both combatants were lost to view and I heard the battle raging in the peak of the tent. Before I had scarcely had a chance to wonder which was getting the better of it both insects dropped to the ground close to me. The spider was holding fast to the wasp's head with his small but effective mouth, and the wasp was running his stinger in and out of the spider's body with lightninglike rapidity. There was a short struggle on the ground, when both insects began to grow weak and their movements were less rapid. Finally they fell apart, but neither moved. I examined them both, after watching them for a few seconds. The poison of each had done the work for the other, and both were dead."—New York Tribune.

Too Many Drugs.

"The primary cause of so many cases of grip in this and other cities," said the examining physician of one of the large life insurance companies in New York to a Mercury reporter, "is the almost universal habit of drug taking, from the milder tonics to patent medicines. Whenever the average men or women feel depressed or slightly ill, they resort at once to some medicine more or less strong. If they would try to find out the cause of the trouble and seek to obviate it by regulating their mode of living, the general health of the community would be better. This drug habit tends continually to lower the tone of the system. The more it is indulged in the more apparent becomes the necessity of continuing the downhill course. The majority of persons do not look beyond the fact that they seem to feel better after the use of a stimulating drug or patent medicine. This feeling comes from the benumbing action of the drug, because it has no uplifting action. With the system in such a weakened state the microbes of the disease find excellent ground to grow. When attacked, the patient lacks recuperative powers, and the result is generally fatal."

A Grim Old Church.

There is no church in London more grimly affecting or more grewsomely picturesque than St. Giles, Cripplegate. Its lantern is strangely gaunt and blackened, its towers stark and solemn. The approaches are all straggling and curious; we fancy ourselves in a bit of some old foreign city. The curious skulls and hourglass over the entrance to the churchyard are vigorously done. It escaped the great fire, and is an interesting church altogether—and picturesque. Here we find Milton's tomb, Fox's (of the "Book of Martyrs") and that of a daughter of Shakespeare's Lucy. And, as if this were not sufficient to reward one's curiosity, they will show us the registry of the marriage of Oliver Cromwell to Elizabeth Boucher. In the churchyard a large fragment of the old city wall is to be seen.—London Letter.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 26, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Too Much Johnson."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Minnie Maddern Fiske.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"The Merry World."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Frank Daniels.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The Old Homestead."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Lillian Russell.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—"Darkest Russia."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—Steve Brodie.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Pawn Ticket 210."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

"PUCK" AT ITS OLD GAME.

THE CITIZEN would be greatly astonished if *Puck*, of New York, appeared in any other light than that of the champion journalistic blackguard and ruffian of the North American continent. It is published by a brace of semi-literary thugs called Keppler and Schwartzmann—the former, we believe, is dead, and consequently in hell, while the surviving partner is doing the devil's work excellently well on this planet. The cartoon on *Puck's* front page in the issue of Oct. 22, represents a hideous long tailed monkey, dressed in an alleged Irish uniform, with something that purports to be a whiskey jug at its side, and a tin mug on the ground in front labeled "Servant girls, please contribute." The green flag, with the motto, "No peaceful solution" is conspicuously displayed and is held in place by an artistic hitch of the simian's tail. The "artist" proclaims his shamelessness, in the name C. J. (or T.) Taylor, who is, perhaps, an Englishman, or an Englishman's whelp. We have no doubt the cartoon is a very correct representation of the bodily and facial characteristics of Taylor's sire. He ought, however, to have kept the matter dark. Most people prefer to go back a million years when they acknowledge descent from the monkey tribe. Taylor's evolution is too recent, and has left a lasting impression on his memory. Mr. Taylor, Sr., was certainly an excellent specimen of the genus baboon, and we compliment his son on the skill with which he has reproduced the paternal features. At the same time Taylor who, we suppose, is some poor devil artist, working by the piece, should remember the divine commandment, "Honor thy Father and *thy Mother*."

While the cartoon lacks little in blackguardly cleverness, *Puck* shows rustiness and stupidity in revamping the old "servant girls" contribution gag. This is, of course, with the object of disgusting the American Irish, who are supposed to be particularly sensitive to ridicule. No doubt numbers of the Irish "servant girls" in America are patriotic and faithful women, and they have just as much right to contribute to an Irish revolutionary fund as to a charity ball or a church bazaar, but, as a matter of fact, they are not, as a class, prominent in the Irish movement, nor, we regret to have to say, are the Irish-American women of any class. Their tendencies are mostly religious and domestic. If they took more pride and interest in their race and the cause of Irish independence, there might be less lukewarmness among a certain section of our kindred in the United States.

The burden of Irish contributions of all kinds has always fallen on the men of the race, and they have lost nothing by it. They used to send millions of dollars annually to pay the rent to the Anglo-Irish landlords, in order to keep the roof over the heads of the old father and mother, or the helpless brothers and sisters, and *Puck* never made any objection, because, no doubt, some of the money found its way into the English government's secret service fund, of which it seems to be a beneficiary. Any good that has come to Ireland of late years, came through the efforts of the Irish revolutionists. Their methods may not have been always wise from the worldly standpoint, but, at least, they were effective, as the leading statesmen and editors of England have acknowledged.

The American Irish are a shrewder variety of mankind than their fathers. They can read more keenly between the lines of libelous attacks on the aggressive men of their blood in this country. *Puck* and its kindred blackguards always attack Irish revolutionary movements vehemently, because they are the only movements feared and hated by their paymasters, the British. But they are dealing with quite a different set of men from those of a quarter of a century ago. The American Irish of today are practical, and they know full well that expenses attendant on organization and propaganda must be contributed and distributed according to necessity. There would be no chance of conducting any organization, for any purpose, successfully without funds to set in motion the requisite machinery. Irish revolution has no organized government at its back, to defray its expenses by means of compulsory taxation, as the British enemy has. Consequently it must depend on voluntary subscriptions, like all other practical movements. There is nothing wrong, or dishonorable, or dishonest in any sense, in soliciting funds for the legitimate expenses of the Irish Revolutionary movement, and whether the money comes from the millionaire or the laborer, the merchant, or the mechanic, the heiress or the servant girl, the matron or the maid it is equally within the lines of patriotism and decency. The great fear of *Puck* and its kind is that the fund may amount to something respectable. Their sneers may affect the action of cowards and doughfaces, but will only serve to stir to sterner action the faithful and the brave.

CUBA AND IRELAND.

Writing on "Spain's Desperate Straits in Cuba," in its issue of Oct. 22, the Chicago *Tribune* says: "Of the 1,500,000 people in Cuba 1,250,000 are hostile to Spanish rule. It is only the Spanish officeholders, who have been devouring the substance of the land, who are loyal to Spain. The people of the island want home rule. They are tired of Spanish extortion and tyranny, and they see no hope for prosperity, even with the wonderful wealth-producing resources of the island, unless the Spaniards are expelled."

Change the names and figures in the foregoing paragraph and what a picture of the relative positions of England and Ireland is presented! Out of the 4,750,000, or thereabout, people still in Ireland, fully 4,000,000 are disaffected toward English rule, and the rest would be if they could get over their sectarian distrust. Just as the baleful influence of Spain blights the prosperity of Cuba, so does the equally baleful influence of England blight the prosperity of Ireland. It is, practically, only the English officeholders and their dependents, whether in the army, navy, church, police, coastguard or civil service, who have been devouring the substance of the land, that are "loyal" to the British connection. If Cuba's case for liberty is strong, Ireland's is stronger still. Cuba is, undoubtedly, Spain's own child—a colony sprung from her parent loins, whereas Ireland never was a British colony, but existed as a nation in times so remote as the days of Cæsar. As a separate nation, she surrendered with the honors of war, and the guarantee of civil and religious rights, at Limerick, in 1691. This treaty was solemnly affirmed by the Irish generals and civic representatives on the one side; and by General Ginkel, commanding for King William III. and the lord commissioners of the crown on the other. No treaty could have been more solemnly entered into. Yet, as everybody ought to know, no treaty in the history of the world was ever so shamefully and utterly violated. So, too, with the treaty of 1782-3 entered into by the king and parliament of England with the Irish parliament, backed by the Volunteer army. The violation of these treaties alone would justify the Irish in disavowing England's claim to rule them; but there are other reasons. The Union of 1801 destroyed, by the abrogation of Irish customs' duties on English goods, the manufactures of the country—except the linen industry and a few others with which England does not compete. Any ordinary student of the resources of nations knows that Ireland raises enough food annually to support in comfort from fifteen to twenty millions of inhabitants. In 1846, the population of Ireland was nearly 9,000,000. Now it is little over half that number. Such a result, born of native misgovernment, would justify revolution. How much more so, when it is the outcome of foreign misgovernment.

Leaving out the material misfortunes which Ireland has suffered from her forced connection with England, right and sentiment rebel against the subjugation of what Grattan called "an ancient and respectable nation" by an alien power. It is humiliating for the Irish race, no matter where situated, to have to confess that they have, practically, no mother country, in the sense of national distinctiveness. They may travel the world over and not see a ship bearing the Irish flag, or a consulate that flies the ancient symbol. The harp is "quartered" on the British imperial flag, in such a position that the English leopards and the Scottish lion are above it—matter above mind. Ireland and the Irish never will have the world's respect until the crownless harp, on a green field, represents the independence and interests of the Irish nation.

THE DUCAL FORTUNE HUNTER.

The young Duke of Marlborough was arrested for "scorching" astride his "bike" in Central Park, New York, last week by Officer Sweeney, who did not know the juvenile fortune hunter's name and "rank" at the time. At the station, where he was duly "booked" Mr. Churchill described himself as Duke of Marlborough, without occupation. This placed him, under a strict construction of the law, on the list of vagrants. However, Marlborough is not a "vag," and he has an occupation—that of heiress catcher. Sergeant Ryan, of the police station, read the youth a lecture and discharged him, with the caution not to do it again. Marlborough, to the reporters, described his arrest as "an outrage," and complained that he had been treated with unfriendliness and discourtesy ever since he arrived in this country. It seems to us that the Duke is unreasonable. Officer Ryan simply obeyed the Central Park board's regulations, and Mr. Cleveland himself would have been arrested under like circumstances. American reporters have a habit of poking fun at everybody, from a policeman up to President or Pope, and the Duke must expect his share of ridicule while he "condescends" to honor us with his mercenary presence. A young man who is about to carry with him to England next month some $13,000,000 oughtn't to kick about the vagaries of the American press. If he didn't want so much notoriety, he ought to have remained in England until the time of his wedding was close at hand. The Duke may be very vehemently attached to his fiancee, but $13,000,000 of a fortune is so rare that people must be pardoned if they suspect him of being not altogether disinterested in his affection. He comes of a family notorious for love of self. The great soldier who founded the House of Marlborough was the most dishonest and unprincipled rascal that ever commanded even an English army. He was not ashamed to steal from the commissariat of his own soldiers. He had only one rival in military peculation, and that was Marshal Massena, of whom Napoleon once said, "I cannot bribe that man to be honest!"

A BRAVE CATHOLIC EDITOR.

Whosoever else among the Irish-American Catholic editors may be found wanting in the hour of trial, William Fitzgerald, editor of the Memphis *Catholic Journal*, cannot be classed with the laggards. Mr. Fitzgerald did not rush rashly into the New Movement. Ever since he became head of the able journal which he edits down to the beginning of this year, when the Whig leaders openly abandoned the cause of Home Rule for Ireland, Fitzgerald stood consistently for what is termed the constitutional movement. As a man of good common-sense, he failed to see the the wisdom of putting faith in England when the English constituencies returned their overwhelming verdict against self-government for Ireland. Mr. Fitzgerald frequently found fault with THE CITIZEN for expressing doubts of the efficacy of constitutional measures in the quarrel between Great Britain and Ireland. Now, he sees matters as we see them, as will be noticed by the tone of the following excerpt from an editorial of recent date. Mr. Fitzgerald says:

"We hear of immense gatherings of American citizens in Chicago and other large cities, and the foremost jurists and statesmen of the day are advocating the independence of Cuba, and urging upon our government to recognize the insurgents as belligerents. Aye, notwithstanding the fact of a possible rupture of our treaty with Spain by violating the neutrality laws. But a few weeks ago the American press that was crying aloud against Irishmen assembling in Chicago and organizing for a similar purpose, the independence of another island, is now willing to overlook any violation of neutrality laws where Cuba is concerned; but it would, according to the anti-Irish press, be treason to do such a thing in the interests of Ireland.

"And what has Cuba done for America that we should feel such a deep interest in her welfare? Has she given us, like Ireland, hundreds of thousands of her bravest sons and purest daughters to build up our country, and form a most powerful and influential portion of our population? Have Cuban exiles ever been known to defend the Stars and Stripes like the innumerable heroes from the Isle of Saints and Sorrows? And yet we must take off our hat and cheer for Cuban independence while we scoff and ridicule any attempt at making Ireland a republic.

"The *Journal* for one believes that Ireland is justified in adopting any legitimate means that may tend to throw off the yoke of England, and we further believe that every Irish-American is bound in duty to render such assistance as lies in his power toward accomplishing this end.

"Constitutional means have been tried in vain and naught remains but the employment of the same methods that have been utilized in gaining freedom for every nation that has ever escaped from the bondage of an oppressor. If Ireland with her five million of inhabitants, and twenty million others throughout the world in whose veins course Irish blood cannot succeed in establishing and maintaining a republic with the friendship of France, America and the other republics of the world, then she is unworthy to govern herself.

"There is but one course left for her if she is ever to write the epitaph of Emmet, and that is to organize and prepare to strike a blow that will be more effective than piteous appeals for justice.

"Irishmen who are editing American Catholic papers and are afraid to express their opinions or extend their aid to any legitimate movement looking to Irish independence, are mighty degenerate scions of a grand old race. Afraid of what, of whom? Are bishops and priests in this country opposed to a legitimate movement for Irish indepdndence, even though it be by a resort to physical force? We believe not. At least the Irish portion of them. A man does not necessarily love his native land the less because he dons the soutane of the priest or the robe of a prelate.

"We do not know what the Irish-American priests think of the brave and manly action of the late National convention, but we are satisfied that they will think none the less of an Irishman, whether he be a Catholic journalist or otherwise, who is willing to do what he consistently can to further the plan of total separation and independence for Ireland."

ENGLAND'S ANGLO-IRISH MERCENARIES.

The Anglo-Irish, who are, in sentiment, more English than the English, and more bitterly hostile to the great majority of their countrymen, seem to be running the militant forces of "the Empire" at present. Thus, Garnet Lord Wolseley, is commander-in-chief of the British army, succeeding the Queen's cousin, old George of Cambridge, a Guelph in blood, name and appearance. The commander-in-chief of the British army in India is General White, a native of the county Antrim. The commander of the British forces in Ireland is General Lord Roberts, a native of Waterford; and the Admiral of the British Mediterranean squadron, Sir Michal Seymour-Culme, is a native of the county Clare. The lord chief justice of England is Charles Russell, also a native of Ireland, and, strange to say, a Catholic. Russell, however, unlike the others mentioned, is practically a Home Ruler, and successfully defended Parnell before the London *Times'* commission.

What a wretched fate is that of Ireland! Three chief generals, an admiral of the first rank and a chief justice furnished to her conqueror and inveterate foe! Truly did John Mitchel describe England as the modern Carthage. Fancy the military genius of the Wolseleys, the Robertses and the Whites exerted for the freedom of the land that bore them. But, like Wellington, they are the unnatural children of a beautiful mother. "Who calls Wellington an Irishman?" demanded the immortal O'Connell of 500,000 Irishmen on the royal hill of Tara. "If a tiger's cub were dropped in a fold, would it, therefore, be a lamb?" And 500,000 Irish throats answered "No!" What a verdict against the victor of Waterloo—"Wellington, or Villainton, for fame spells the heroic syllables both ways," quoth Lord Byron.

The Anglo-Irish are a brilliant breed of cutthroats, and there has been a long line of them, beginning with Gen. Sir Eyre Coote, who defeated Count Lally de Tollendal, the real hero of Fontenoy, at Pondicherry, and thus virtually secured the Indian empire to the British. Sir Charles Napier, the conqueror of Scinde, was more Irish than English in military genius and martial impetuosity. Gen. Lord Gough, the elder, was a Munster man, who, although not chief in command, won the great battle of Moodkee, and broke the spirit of both Sikhs and Hindoos, shouting, as he saw the 28th of the line breaking through a crowd of yelling natives, "Magnificent Tipperary!" Notwithstanding, Tipperary felt the "magnificence" of English rule, thus described by Davis:

Too long we fought for Britain's cause,
And of our blood were never chary,
She paid us back with tyrant laws,
And thinned the homes of Tipperary!
But never more we'll win such thanks—
We swear by God and Virgin Mary!—
Never to list in British ranks,
And that's the vow of Tipperary!"

And Tipperary has kept that vow, with here and there and exceptional doughface to prove the rule. Lord Gough's son, who distinguished himself in the Sepoy mutiny, and also rose to be a general, died but recently.

Gen. James Wolfe, who conquered at Quebec for England, was partially Anglo-Irish. Gen. Pakenham, who broke the French centre at Salamanca, and fell before Jackson's rifles in front of New Orleans, was born in Ireland. So also was Major-General Ross, who burned Washington in 1814, and was killed at the battle of North Point in Maryland soon afterward.

All these fellows were, and are, a curse to the country that had the misfortune to give them birth. Their brilliant bravery and undeniable genius do not relieve them of the stain of treason to their motherland. They would, those of them who still live, steep their hands in the blood of their own countrymen tomorrow, if occasion arose, as willingly as they ever did in the blood of Asiatics or Africans.

JOHN PARNELL AND THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

Among the speakers at the Redmondite convention held in Dublin on Oct. 7, was John Howard Parnell, M.P., brother of the late Irish leader. His opening remarks were as follows: "This is my first appearance since I was victorious in Meath, and I avail myself of the opportunity to thank the many Meath men who are here. From my short experience in the house of commons, I think the Conservatives resemble drones in a beehive. It will be a long time before we can make them pass home rule, and we must compel them to do all we can—I don't know whether by constitutional means, but I hope it will be thought I am a little in doubt of it (laughter and cheers.) This new movement in America may mean nothing more than getting the Irish vote for a president, or it may be an honest movement for Ireland, but at all events it will have the effect of frightening the English (cries of 'hear, hear'). We want some new agitation to stir up the people of this country. (A Voice—We want another Parnell.) I don't think the sleep of the nation will last long. If Ireland is to be Ireland still she will have to show it; if she does not Archbishop Croke's words will come true."

We are sorry Mr. Parnell expressed a doubt of the sincerity of the men who recently met in this city. Our statement of the case ought to convince him and all other honest Irishmen of the cruel injustice done their American brethren by the press agents of the British government. The chairman of the convention is a Republican. Three-fourths of the members of the convention are Democrats of the deepest dye. President Lyman, of the Irish National Alliance, has no particular politics, and never actively manifested himself in an election, presidential or otherwise. Secretary Sutton is a Democrat; Treasurer Fitzpatrick is a Republican. O'Neill Ryan, vice-president, is a Democrat, and of the nine members of the Executive Council at least six are Democrats. How, then, even if so venal as to try and make a "base swap" of an Irish national organization to the Republican party, could Mr. Finerty, Mr. Lyman, or Mr. Fitzpatrick effect it? The Democrats will vote the Democratic ticket, no matter what may happen, and they have no need to make a bargain of any kind with the leaders of the Democratic party. It would be work for nothing.

In short, the English and their agents, and some fool Irish as well, judge us from their own standpoint, and place us in their own shoes. We have repeatedly said, and we now even more emphatically repeat it, that advocacy of radical Irishism in this country benefits nobody in a political sense, but the contrary. The Yankee politicians will tolerate an Irish Whig, even on a pinch an Irish Tory, or, mayhap, a harmless Home Ruler, but they have no use for Irish revolutionists, who are by them,—owing to English influences, journalistic, commercial, social and financial—classed with socialists, and other bad people. Why can't our countrymen in Ireland understand this, or is it that they don't want to understand it?

A MINORITY MAJOR.

Major William J. Gleason, of Cleveland, O., has rushed into print in relation to the Irish National Alliance, which, he says, "will do no good and can do no harm." The Major unbosomed himself to that effect to the Cleveland *World* of the 15th inst., and then proceeded to say to the interviewer:

"I want it distinctly understood that while I was at the meeting, I had nothing whatever to do with the organization of the Alliance. I am not in sympathy with its objects; it is not such an organization as I would have favored. Everybody knows that the object of the Alliance is to secure an Irish Republic. To do this eventually, it encourages the military training of the youth. I believe that this military training is a good thing. It disciplines our young men, teaches them how to deport themselves and also gives them a useful knowledge of handling military weapons. That knowledge is a good thing—not for Ireland, however, but for America.

"I am too much of a Home Ruler to believe in the Alliance. The Irish people want no republic. I do not believe there will ever be an Irish Republic. What right then have we Americans to tell the Irish people what form of government they must have? This Alliance is attempting to force on Ireland something she doesn't want; England is doing the same thing.

"This is the kind of an organization I would have formed to help in the political advancement of the land we Irish-Americans all love: First, let this organization appoint a committee of the greatest and most influential men in the country to see the leaders of the Irish cause in Ireland. Let them see to it that these leaders are brought together and united so that in the future they may work together in one common cause to secure the right of home legislation for Ireland.

"After this work is done, let us have auxiliary societies in America to pledge themselves to help the Irish people to get that kind of government they themselves want. Then let us work. But what right have we in America to force something down the throats of the Irish people that they do not want?

"First of all I am an American. I love Ireland, of course, but if it were given to me, if everyone of its green acres were mine, I would not live there. As Americans then, and as lovers of Ireland, what right have we to dictate to the people of Irelahd? We have none, and for that reason I do not believe in the Chicago organization."

Major Gleason, of course, has a right to his views, but we have a right to say that we consider him egregiously mistaken in them. A man who believes that parliamentary agitation, or agitation in any shape, can restore her native parliament to Ireland, must have the bump of hopefulness developed to an inconvenient degree. It must be larger than all the rest of his head.

The Major says that the Irish people don't want a Republic. He might as well assume that they dont want to go to heaven. The Irish people are not going around taking every prominent American citizen into their confidence. The Major, therefore, cannot speak for them by knowledge or authority. As for "dictating" to Ireland what policy she should pursue, that is mere gammon. The battle against England is not entirely confined to Ireland. The whole Irish race is involved, because England and English influences pursue us everywhere. These influences have to be met by us everywhere. The Irish people resident in Ireland have never protested against the "dictation" of their friends. They did not protest against the Spanish in the days of Hugh O'Neill, or against the French in the days of Sarsfield and St. Ruth, Hoche and Wolfe Tone. They would hail with enthusiasm tomorrow, as a vast majority, the landing of a hundred thousand French or American soldiers to achieve their political liberation. The young men of Ireland are all right. The old fire still burns brightly in their "rebel" hearts, and there is no use in Major Gleason, or the like of him, trying to put out the flame with a feeble breath of protest.

THE CITIZEN is sorry for Major Gleason, because it has, up to date, held him in high respect. It is grieved to find him lowering the flag in the face of moral battle. He is in line with the British newspapers, the Irish Whig press and New York's infamous *Puck*. What's the matter with the Major? Is he no longer the same man? The last time we saw him, he had greatly changed in appearance. He looked like a Home Ruler—not like an American soldier and Irish "rebel." His old cordial manner was gone. He was in fact, like Greece, Gleason but living Gleason no more.

"First of all I am an American," says Major Gleason. So say we all of us. There is nothing new or original in that. Major Gleason was equally an American when he went gallantly to the front to fight for the emancipation of the negroes. The negroes were "not a drop of blood to him." The Irish people are bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. Would he not as readily fight for their liberty and still be an American? Why is it that a man can fight for negroes and remain an American, fight for Sandwich Islanders and remain an American, fight for Cubans and remain an American, and fight for Ireland and not remain an American? We, Irish, blather altogether too much about our Americanism. The English are always damning America up hill and down dale, and still they have a bigger "moral pull" in this country than we have. The English send over here their anarchists, like Mowbray, to preach social destruction, and their Dukes, like Marlborough, to buy our plebeian heiresses with mortgaged coronets. They never make any bones about their Anglicism—on the contrary they glory in it, even when, for their own convenience, they are putative citizens. The Anglo-Yankees adore them, while they damn us, who have ever been loyal, and imitate the English by caricaturing and libeling us in their magazines and comic newspapers.

Major Gleason is greatly mistaken if he supposes that the boundaries of the United States circumscribe the area of human liberty. Every American citizen, whether Irish or of other blood, has a moral right to assist the struggle of liberty anywhere under the sun. A man who would be estopped in doing so by the operation of those pie-crust enactments called neutrality lays, would not be fit to be an American citizen. Such a cad would find himself boycotted in the Elysian Fields. La Fayette, DeKalb, Montgomery, Moylan, Von Steuben, Kosciusko, Pulaski, Horatio Gates and all the other "foreign" heroes whose swords flashed around the standard of Washington, like those of the armed cherubim before the gates of Paradise, would turn their backs upon his shivering and shamefaced ghost. They would say one to the other, "There goes a paltry spirit, who sneaked into heaven on a plea of loyalty to the neutrality laws. Had he broken law for liberty, as we did, he would stand, like us, in the front circle around the Throne of God."

THE Columbus Club of this city celebrated the 403d anniversary of the discovery of America at the Auditorium on Thursday evening of last week. There was a very large attendance. President William A. Amberg introduced the Hon. James Duncan as toastmaster, and speeches were delivered by that gentleman, the Rev. D. J. Riordan, Gen.

John C. Black, Bishop Spalding, Rev. Dr. Hirsch, Paul D. Carpenter, of Milwaukee, and Gov. Altgeld. The most notable utterance at the banquet was that made by Bishop Spalding, who said that women were unfit to teach schoolboys over 10 years of age. As might be expected, Dr. Spalding's sensational remark has stirred the resentment of the most intellectual class of American women, who, in some cases, denounce him as a fossil and reactionary.

SUPPOSING Garfield did euchre Sherman out of the presidential nomination, why should the latter kick? Isn't Garfield dead? Or would Sherman rather have been president than be alive?

THE Harrisburg, Pa., *Patriot* of recent date says: "Thomas H. Greevy, the well known Altoona attorney, is one of the nine members of the Executive Council of the Irish National Alliance, the new national organization of friends of the Isle of Sorrows looking to the prospective establishment of an Irish republic. Mr. Greevy is a vigorous supporter of any cause he advocates or defends, and will add much to the strength of the new organization in this state."

CLEVELAND has reached Atlanta at last. We wonder if his substitute was killed in front of that place when Hood held it in July, 1864.

ALL this war talk about the Monroe doctrine, Great Britain and Venezuela will amount to nothing in the end. London will do the grabbing and Washington the acquiescing. This country is so devoted to the pursuit of the dollar at present, that it has no time to think about nice points of national policy.

CUBA, as we predicted, will be left to fight her battles all alone. Mr. Cleveland is fond of fishing, but he doesn't want a war with Spain on his hook.

HON. SHELBY M. CULLOM believes in maintaining the Monroe doctrine at any cost. Mr. Cullom is always a big American.

WELLINGTON'S NAME.

BY J. J. CALLINAN.

How blest were the moments when liberty found thee
The first in her cause on the fields of the brave,
When the young bands of ocean were charging around thee,
With the strength of their hills and the roar of their wave!
Oh, chieftain, what then was the throb of thy pride,
When loud through the war cloud exultingly came
O'er the battle's red tide, which they swelled as they died,
The shout of green Erin for Wellington's name!

How sweet when thy country thy garland was wreathing,
And the fires of thy triumph blazed brightly along,
Came the voice of its harp all its witchery breathing,
And hallowed thy name with the light of her song!
And oh, 'twas a strain in each patriot breast,
That waked all the transport, that lit all the flame,
And raptured and blest was the isle of the West
When her own sweetest bard sang her Wellington's name!

But 'tis past—thou art false, and thy country's sad story
Shall tell how she bled and she pleaded in vain;
How the arm that should lead her to freedom and glory,
The child of her bosom did rivet her chain!
Yet think not forever her vengeance shall sleep,
Wild harp that once praised him sing louder his shame,
And where'er o'er the deep thy free numbers may sweep
Bear the curse of a nation on Wellington's name!

SCORES A TORY PROJECT.

[*To the Editor.*]

HAVANA, Ill., Oct. 21.—The British government is about to establish and endow a Catholic University in Ireland. So, so! mein freund, the German says; it were better if they had left the people enough of potatoes for the winter. A few Irishmen rose superior to the environments of Trinity College, but a Catholic University with Lord Emly, or some other Cisatlantic Catholic "made of sound Orange timber," or maybe a bishop of "well known loyalty" as regent, would be another fortress of the enemy on Irish soil. In the old land the majority is too much cowed to protest against apparent friendly actions of state when backed by church influence. I state a sad fact, and if any one undertakes to disprove my contention he must begin by denying facts. Therefore it behooves us Irish-Americans, the eldest sons of Ireland, to declare that what is needed in Ireland is not an university but more workhouses, and to denounce as unjust the saddling of more taxes on the backs of our fathers and mothers and relatives. For the foreigner will have to pay the taxes of a British grant for a Catholic university in Ireland.

BERNARD EMMET O'MAHONY.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

SCIENTIFIC PUZZLE SOLVED.

Dr. Kerr, Health Commissioner, Explains to the Civil Service Commission How the Blind Intestine Came Into Existence.

The Darwinian Theory of Evolution Upheld.

(By Underground Wire.)

President Clark (drumming on his desk with his knuckles, while Messrs. Waller and Hotz "lend him their ears") —How the d—l does it happen, gentlemen, that nobody seems to like our way of doing things?

Waller—Why, some of the leading papers sustain our views.

Clark—Yes, in a half hearted kind of way. But look at the *Tribune* and the *Inter-Ocean*! They have been almost as bad as THE CITIZEN and the *Chronicle*. 'Pon my soul I cannot comprehend it.

Hotz—Stick to the physical examination; make it more severe than ever.

Clark—That is a pretty hard thing to do—somebody always gives us away. See how THE CITIZEN got hold of that lamentable accident to Dr. Blank. The whole city, and a good part of the country, too, is laughing over it; but it was no joke. The doctor's hair was nearly rubbed off, and he is not yet fit to attend to his duties. Dr. Kerr, of the Health Department, will aid us today.

Waller—Dr. Kerr! Where the the d—l did Dr. Kerr get his diploma?

Clark—From George Swift, D. D., which means double deacon—a deacon of jobs and of the church. Phelps (calls) summon Dr. Kerr.

Phelps—Aye, aye, sire.

Enter Dr. Kerr.

Clark—Dr. Kerr, my associates are not quite satisfied as to your qualifications. Would you object to answering a few technical questions touching on the anatomy of man?

Dr. Kerr—Certainly not.

Clark—Take him, Hotz.

Hotz (to Dr. Kerr)—Do you believe in the Darwinian theory of the evolution of the race?

Dr. Kerr—Yes, most profoundly.

Hotz—Do you believe our remote ancestors had tails?

Dr. Kerr—Most certainly.

Hotz—And were covered with hair?

Dr. Kerr (looking hard at Hotz)—Yes; some of their descendants are almost covered with it now.

Hotz—Hem—we used to differ on that question at Heidelberg, where I studied anthropology.

Dr. Kerr—Man was originally a very hairy animal; there can be no question about that. The less hair a man has on his person, the more civilized he is.

Here Mr. Waller rose and bowed profoundly to the Doctor, while Clark looked puzzled.

Hotz—Take him, Waller.

Waller (to Dr. Kerr)—Please describe to me the uses of the the blind intestine in the human visceral structure.

Dr. Kerr—Ahem—well you see, there again comes in the Darwinian theory of the origin of man. The weight of evidence goes to show that our ancestors had caudal appendages. Look into the show window of any store that sells surgical instruments. Observe the profile of a skeleton. At the lower end of the spinal column, and flanked as it were by the bones of the pelvis——

Hotz—For God's sake, Doctor, talk United States.

Dr. Kerr—I am doing so. Our American curriculum leaves Heidelberg in the shade; but, as I was saying, observe the point of anatomy in the skeleton, the little curved, jointed affair, like the bent forefinger, or the seven year old rattles of a snake, that is called in medical nomenclature the coccyx—some liken it to a cuckoo's beak, but as I never saw a cuckoo, I can't speak from observation——

Waller—Please cut it short, Doctor.

Dr. Kerr—What, the tail?

Waller—No, the story.

Clark—Don't interrupt the Doctor, Waller, I am deeply interested in this part of his discourse. Please continue, Doctor.

Dr. Kerr—Well, as I was saying, there's your coccyx—evidently a rudimentary tail—proof positive of our simian origin. Now, you will ask, what has become of the missing joints, which enabled our prehensory forefathers to swing from bough to bough in the mighty forests that once covered nine-tenths of the land surface of this sphere. Oh, what a picnic they must have had!——

Clark—Please, Doctor, repress your enthusiasm and keep to the point.

Dr. Kerr—I am keeping to the point of my tale (laughter). Well, the mystery of the disappearance of the rest of the appendage is solved by the comparatively recent appearance of the dread disease known as appendicitis——

Clark—Appendicitis! What the d—l has appendicitis got to do with a monkey's tail?

Dr. Kerr—Patience, until I relate my great scientific discovery, the wonder of the age. Doctors have been long puzzled to know how the blind intestine came into being, because it has no apparent use in the human system. I now explain the mystery: In the course of centuries, the long tail of our ancestors was partially absorbed into the system. The joints gradually resolved themselves into minute particles, leaving only a bowel-like substance behind, which, by some mysterious process, in the course of other ages, became the blind intestine, which, rebelling against its long confinement, and wishing again to occupy its proper place in nature, often kicks violently and produces inflammation of the part, which finally, unless speedily amputated, or otherwise brought under subjection, involves the entire abdominal cavity and results in death.

Clark (reflectively)—It's a wonder the disease never attacked Grover Cleveland or Teddy Roosevelt.

Waller—Or Billy Kent.

Hotz—Or Harry Rubens.

Phelps—Or Eugene Field.

Kerr—Or Martin Madden.

All—Well, there's time enough yet.

Kerr—A good deal depends on how much monkey remains undigested in the system. Two of our most prominent citizens are, excepting their coccyxes, entirely purged of the simian taint.

All—Who are they?

Dr. Kerr—Lyman Gage and Sam Raymond.

Exeunt.

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

The greatest and grandest meeting of the Irish-American Lyceum since its inception was the opening meeting of the present season, which was held at Columbia Hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted streets, on Monday evening, Oct. 14. The programme, which comprised both musical and literary numbers, was entertaining and interesting all the way through, and reflected much credit on the committee in charge. The subject of the evening's debate was chosen because of the interest it was calculated to arouse in every citizen of Chicago, as well as the loyal Irish girls and boys. The unusually large and appreciative audience showed that this calculation was well made, and today the minds and eyes of those who were present are opened, and the effect of the "Flag Law" on true patriotism is better understood by many people than it otherwise might ever have been. To the two bright and witty young members of the legal fraternity—Messrs. M. J. Maloney and P. B. Flanagan—may be assigned much of the attraction at the meeting.

Precisely at 8:30 o'clock President William Dillon called the meeting to order, and in an address that was characteristically appropriate, well-pointed and concise, explained some of the aims and objects of the Lyceum and thanked all the members present for their attendance in such large numbers notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. He said he hoped the Lyceum would do its part in teaching them all to be nobler and better Irishmen and women, and truer American citizens.

After the subsidence of the applause evoked by the president's remarks, the first number on the musical programme was proceeded with, being a piano solo given by Miss Hannah McCarthy, a pretty and accomplished young lady who has acquired much fame through her splendid musical talent. Miss Bernadetta and Miss Ruth O'Hara gave a song and piano accompaniment which was applauded to the echo. Miss Maggie O'Neill's playing of Irish airs on the piano was a feature that deserves recognition at every Irish gathering. What is more melodious, more charming, more enrapturing than a good old Irish air played by a bright-eyed Irish lass?

The shadow of the next number was evidently far in advance of the event itself, the chairman scarcely having time to announce it, when the audience called for J. J. Hanrahan for a song. The vocal powers of Mr. Hanrahan are recognized in many quarters as being extraordinary, and the response to encores seemed to very poorly satisfy the longings of his listeners. Henry G. Hill, the well-known elocutionist, gave a recitation in a masterly style and received well merited applause. Miss Hannah McCarthy sang "Brighter Days for Ireland." The susceptible spirit of the Irish exile rose and fell with her melodious voice. Miss McCarthy was accompanied on the piano by Miss Catherine Carraher.

The subject selected for the evening's discussion was "The Principles of True Patriotism as Bearing Upon the Recent Enactment of the Illinois Legislature on the Flag Law." M. J. Maloney took the affirmative side, to prove the act constitutional, while P. B. Flanagan was prepared to establish it otherwise. The appearance of Mr. Maloney was the occasion of a regular ovation, and for a moment it looked as if his accustomed self-composure would desert him, but it did not, and his address was a model of eloquence. It was many minutes after the conclusion of the orator's spirited address that the gavel of President Dillon could be heard to receive recognition, but in a moment of brief cessation from their unmistakable demonstration of approval, the president announced the succeeding speaker, Mr. P. B. Flanagan. The announcement acted as a talisman in gaining the attention of all present, for the speaker's name is as a familiar household word in almost every Irish home in Chicago and the West. He is one of those who seem endowed with that way of winning over his audience to his mode of thinking by an easy and graceful manner. He seems to express your feelings, not as you do yourself, but as you would wish to do.

After the close of Mr. Flanagan's address the president introduced Mr. P. F. Holden, who had recently returned from a trip to Ireland, and was requested to address the audience on the result of his voyage. Mr. Holden's narration of his travels through Ireland, standing on the "Treaty Stone" of Limerick, viewing the royal hills of Meath from the Hill of Tara, as Saint Patrick did when he converted the ancient kings and nobles to Christianity; kneeling at the graves of the departed illustrious sons of Ireland in Glasnevin cemetery, and then visiting the birthplace of the arch-rebel James Stephens in Kilkenny. He told too, of the deplorable sight of the very best and bravest of Ireland's sons and daughters being driven away from their homes to seek a living in foreign lands, because English oppression prohibited the development of the untold wealth of Ireland's industrial resources. "But there is one thing," said the speaker, "that impressed me with a feeling of confidence and joy wherever I went, and that is the unawed and unconquered spirit of the Irish people in every part of the country." Much applause was accorded Mr. Holden's narrative, after which the chairman brought the proceedings to a close by expressing himself as being thoroughly pleased with the programme of the Lyceum.

OBITUARY.

MR. T. M. LYNCH.

Mr. Timothy M. Lynch, an old resident of Chicago, and an ardent Irish Nationalist, died at his residence, No. 601 Thirty-first street, on Saturday of last week, in his 54th year. Mr. Lynch was born in the county Limerick and came to America when 15 years old, settling in this city. He was a member of McManus Circle, and of the McManus Guards, Fenian Brotherhood, and was one of those who went to Ireland in 1865 to aid in the expected revolution. The latter did not come off, so Mr. Lynch returned to the United States, and was among those who assisted in O'Neill's Canadian raids in 1866 and 1870. The funeral was largely attended, as Mr. Lynch was very popular in his own neighborhood and throughout the city.

MR. JAMES NAUGHTON.

Mr. James Naughton died at the residence of his brother, Matthias Naughton, No. 364 West Huron street, Friday night of last week, and was buried at Calvary last Sunday, the funeral services being held at St. Columbkill's church. Mr. Naughton was 73 years of age, and was a native of Galway county, Ireland, whence he came with his parents, Hugh and Mary Naughton, fifty years ago, first moving to New Orleans, thence to Chicago, where they engaged in the lumber business. Mr. Naughton was one of Chicago's earliest settlers, having seen a pack of wolves at Chicago avenue and Wood street. He was one of the passengers on the first trial trip over the Northwestern Railroad on its wooden tracks. Col. McChesney Smith, Mr. Bickerdyke and he were the only persons living on Grand avenue, then Owen street, in 1847. Matthias Naughton, who is now 70 years of age, says they used to shoot the prairie chickens and the ducks that flew across that region of marsh grass and bullrushes.

MRS. ELLEN HEFFERNAN.

The funeral of Mrs. Ellen Heffernan, who died last week at the age of 104 years, occurred Sunday morning from the residence of her daughter, No. 92 Sangamon street, where a short service was held, to the Holy Family church, West Twelfth and May streets. Solemn high mass was celebrated at the church, and the interment took place at Calvary.

REV. PATRICK O'BRIEN.

The Rev. Father Patrick O'Brien, the pastor of Our Lady of Mount Carmel church, Wellington avenue and Blucher street, Lake View, died Tuesday last in Dublin, Ireland, at the Mother of Mercy Hospital. The news of the priest's death was conveyed to Rev. E. J. Fox, acting pastor, by cable, from Father Walsh of Jackson, Tenn., who was present when death came. It is understood that Father O'Brien was long a sufferer from a complication of ills, catarrh of the throat having been one cause. He left Chicago June 1, and upon reaching Ireland remained there continuously until the end. Father O'Brien was born in Cahirconlish, county Limerick, Ireland, forty-three years ago. He completed his theological studies at Carlow, and at once came to America. Bishop Feehan, now the archbishop of Chicago, assigned him to a parish in the diocese of Nashville. It was while there that young Father O'Brien won wide distinction on account of his heroic conduct during the great yellow fever plague. On several occasions, and for periods lasting many days, he was quarantined in houses in which refugees were hived. A shotgun brigade was always in sight, making it seemingly impossible for the priest to escape so that he might minister to the refugees and the dying in other missions within the diocese. He succeeded, however, in his plans, carrying contagion to none. When Father O'Brien came to Chicago in 1884 he received the appointment as assistant pastor of the church of the Immaculate Conception, where he remained two years, when he went to Lake View and established the Mount Carmel parish. In a short time he built a church, residence, and an academy. His only near relative in Chicago is Miss Kate O'Brien, who acted as his housekeeper.

MR. MARK CLANCY.

Mr. Mark Clancy, a prominent job printer, doing business at Clark and South Water streets, died on Wednesday of last week at his residence, No. 3755 Vincennes avenue. Mr. Clancy was 52 years of age, and had lived in Chicago thirty-three years. At the time of the fire he was assistant foreman of the old *Republican*. Immediately after the fire he went into the job printing business, which he followed for the balance of his life. He leaves a wife, son and a married daughter, Mrs. Arthur Lubrick. He was successful in his business and leaves a snug estate.

How to Make Money.

Mr. Editor: I read how Mr. Walton made $47 a month. I am only 17, but can beat that. I received a fine outfit from Gray & Co., Columbus, O., for plating gold, silver, nickel and white metal. It was complete, all materials, formulas, trade secrets and instructions, they teach their agents. I silver plated a brass ring in five minutes to test it. Made $39 first week plating tableware and jewelry, $65 second, $243 first month. Brother makes $10 a day selling outfits: get all I can do. Anyone can do as well by having good outfit. Hard times can't starve me.

WM. WETMORE.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

BRITISH EMPIRE BUBBLE.

The Might of America and Ireland's Enemy Greatly Exaggerated by the Timid and Gullible.

The Great Robber Concern Surrounded by Many Dangers and Difficulties—Russian Progress Toward the Anglo-Indian Frontier.

BY HON. A. L. MORRISON.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

"In recent times England has done much to redeem the faults of the past. As long as India was surrounded by deserts, there was little danger in her limits being undefined; but with the approach of Russia, her interest in the intervening countries has enormously increased. After discovering that the Himalayas, hitherto believed insurmountable, had passes by which the Russians might advance from the north, Gilgit, a place in the Pamirs of great strategical importance, was occupied. When strategical roads are completed, the Indian army will be able to outflank a Russian advance from Herat; and as the western frontier has been greatly strengthed, and a railway built to Quetta, from which Candahar can be easily reached, a Russian attack, carried on so far from its strategical base, would seem to have little chance for success.

"But if India be considered safe against Russia alone, there is danger of being placed between two fires. The French desire to balance in Indo-China the position they formerly lost on the Ganges peninsula; they have conquered Cochin-China, Annam, Cambodia and Tonquin, and in 1893 they compelled Siam to cede the whole territory on the left bank of the Mekong. Economically these conquests are worthless to France, because she has no colonists, and the commerce is in English and German hands. But from the political and military points of view, her new position is of considerable importance, because she acts in concert with Russia. Admitting that France would have great difficulty in bringing a respectable army into the field in Asia—that on the contrary, a strong English squadron could render French Indo-China as isolated as Tahiti—the very fact of her aggressive policy, like that of Russia, is disquieting to the Indian population, which is already swayed at one moment by gusts of Eastern fanaticism and at another in its higher classes by Western ideas of the most advanced type. In time of peace the government might easily keep down such turbulent feelings as Islam and Hinduism—the one stronger in faith, the other in numbers, and create a sort of equilibrium. But if, in a great war, a meeting should coincide with foreign aggression, the government would have to rely mainly on the army against both."

After alluding to England's other colonies, Mr. Geffeken continues:

"It is different with the Dominion of Canada, which alone has a neighbor, the strength of which, compared to its own, is about ten to one. The loyalty of its population cannot be doubted.(?) If, however, a war between England and the great Republic should now take place, Canada would undoubtedly be doomed. As regards naval and military stations, they have first to rely upon the strength of their fortifications, which varies greatly; but principally upon the support of the fleet, without which most of their garrisons could be starved. All minor colonies are in a similar position, and this leads to the key of the situation, namely, that the British Empire as it stands is safe only so long as it has supremacy at sea; that defeat at sea would be an unmeasured catastrophe and national ruin.

"What is supremacy at sea? An unvanquished fleet against which the attack of the enemy has no chance. But here again circumstances are totally changed. When England, in the Napoleonic war, had destroyed the French and Spanish and captured the Danish fleets, she was the omnipotent mistress of the sea and had the monopoly of commerce, which furnished the sinews sustaining the war. Her naval supremacy remained uncontested up to comparatively recent times. Even in 1846 Lord Palmerston could threaten in Paris that England would sweep the French fleet from the seas; but since the Second Empire the latter has made constant progress, and it cannot be doubted that at present it is a very formidable power. Besides, Russia, Germany, Italy, Austria and the United States have respectable fleets. The admiralty report of 1890 states that in 1807 England had 207 battle-ships, and all other powers 180, whereas now she has but 45 real battle-ships, while France has 34 and Russia 15. Of first-class cruisers she has 18, the two other powers 9 and 11; of armored coast-defense vessels she has 17, of which 8 are permanently abroad. France has 14 and Russia 16. The house of commons indeed has, by the Naval Defense act of 1888, increased the fleet by 70 ships, which will be finished now, and has unanimously voted (April 11, 1894) £30,000,000 for an extraordinary addition to the navy in order to make it strong enough to face the coalition of any two powers. Mr. Goschen declared that then England alone would be equal to any emergency, but whether that would be the case remains to be seen, for if the British fleet is the strongest, it also has to fulfill an exceptional task of exceptional magnitude. Capt. Mahan insists on the necessity of concentration of effort, and he is certainly right, as the command of the sea can be secured only by victory in great pitched battles. But such a concentration is particularly difficult for England, having her fleet scattered in ten stations, for protecting her colonies and commercial interests; and if these are to be defended against hostile expeditions they can only be partially drawn on to strengthen the central force. The distances of some of these squadrons would render it difficult to bring them on the spot in the right time, whereas France has the greatest part of her navy concentrated at Toulon and Brest. Blockades are now of little importance, except against powers which have no navy to defend themselves. The use of steam renders a blockade much stricter than in the time of sailing ships, but blockading squadrons must be constantly supplied with coal, while the blockade ships can easily replenish their bunkers, can choose the moment of attack, have considerable advantage for the use of torpedoes, and may retire to give their companies rest while the crews of the blockading squadron are worn out with fatigue.

"After Trafalgar, the British were able to shut up the French war-ships in their ports for years, but an effectual blockade is today so difficult that, according to Admiral Hornby, all the ironclads of England would not be able to blockade Toulon." In this connection every student of Irish history will remember the attempted French invasion of Ireland in '96. "The expedition consisted of 15 ships of the line, 20 frigates and 56 smaller sail and transports. It had on board 15,000 men, and was commanded by the brilliant Hoche. After waiting many weeks for a wind to drive the English blockaders off Toulon, Theirs, in his History of the French Revolution, says: "The French squadron, favored by a thick fog, passed the English cruisers unperceived, but during the night it was dispersed by a terrific storm. One ship of the line foundered. Nevertheless, Rear Admiral Bouvet succeeded in rallying the squadron, and at the end of two days it was all collected but one ship of the line and two frigates. Unfortunately the frigate which had on board Hoche was of the number. * * * At length, on Dec. 24, it entered Bantry Bay. A council of war was held, which decided on the landing, but as it was rendered impossible by bad weather, the squadron drew off the coast." Then the Rear Admiral returned to France.

A few days thereafter Hoche arrived in Bantry Bay, only to find that his too prudent subalterns had abandoned the expedition, and he too returned home. The effects of this failure were fatal, not only to Ireland but to France. Under such a superb leader as Hoche, commanding 15,000 veterans, and backed up by the insurgent chivalry of Ireland, disciplined by able officers and equipped with French arms and ammunition, Ireland would have attained freedom, England would have been irreparably crippled, according to all reasonable calculation, Waterloo would never have been fought, and the world's mightiest Captain would not have died a heart-broken captive in St. Helena. Had steam been discovered and in use in '96 as it is now, none of these mishaps could have taken place, and Hoche's fame would, as the deliverer of Ireland, have rivalled, if it did not surpass, that of the mighty Napoleon. This digression will be pardoned because of its appropriateness to the subject we are considering. Geffeken continues: "Capturing the enemy's merchantmen and national cargoes can certainly do much harm, but its advantage has been exaggerated. In our day, as soon as war is declared, the telegraph informs all ships liable to seizure, and they enter the nearest national or neutral port, the result being that the whole commerce of the belligerants goes into neutral hands, because their flag covers the cargo. In the next great war she has to sustain, England will realize that by her insular position she is in a condition differing from all other countries. The latter, when their maritime communications are cut, can draw their supplies by rail, but England alone must import goods only by sea, and importation is an absolute necessity. While in 1803 the import of corn was 3 per cent, it now reaches two-thirds of what she requires to feed her population. In the same way English industry would come to a standstill if the import of raw materials was arrested. According to Lord George Hamilton's calculation, England has to draw the food of her population for 189 days from foreign parts, and an interruption of the import of raw materials would throw 5,000,000 workmen out of employment. The *Quarterly Review*, April, 1894, admits that the stopping of imports would suffice 'to starve us into making an ignominious peace with the enemy at his own terms.'

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC PROSE.

Toruigheacht an Ghilla Dheacair agus a chapaill in sa.

(AIR LEANAMHAIN)

Do deasaigheadh long luchtmhar lánaibhseach bheannchoor bhlaithdaingean do Ghoill agus d'Osgar, agus thugadar cuil le tir agus aghaidh do mhuir agus do chlámusaibh na bóchna breacualne. agus do bheannaibh feargacha fiorghruama fuairfhliuchа na fairrge. Agus do ghluaiseadar rómpa go láidir saothrach slábhaighrod go rabhadar ag eisteacht le faoidh na mue mara agus na murdachan agus le piastaibh longantacha na h-aibheise gur ghabhadar cuan agus caladhphort i g-criochaibh na Greige glanáilne. Agus do thairrngeadar a long i d-tir i n-ionad nár fhead tonn a tuargain no a minrotan, no carraig a cómhbriseadh. Do chonnaracadar uatha cathair na h-Aithne ins an n-Gréig; agus ar n-dul i d-tir dóibh fuaradar aodhaireadha na cdirte agus ceathra na criche. D'fhiafruigheadar sgeula de na h-aodhairibh, cia h-ainm an chathair do chonnaracadar, no cia h-i an chrioch i n-a raibh, no cia ba cheann tirri. D'fhiafruigheadar na h aodhaireadha diobh-san an i n-gleanntaibh diamhra do-eolais rugadh iad an uair nach raibh fios na eathrach sin no a h-ainm aca: agus adubhradar gurab i sin cathair na h-Aithne ins an n-Gréig, agus nach raibh ins an domhan cathair ba lia lamh láidir laoch agus curadh, agus dronga diamóra le goil agus gaisceadh ioná i. "Creud do dheanam anois?" ar Oscar le Goll. "Creud do dheanfamaois," ar Goll, "acht dul ins an g-cathair agus Tailse Taoibheal do thabhairt linn ar ais no ar eigin?" "Ni dheanfam," ar Fergus Finnbheoil: "tabhraidh-se fidhe ceathar-dualach ar bhur bh-folt agus inusidh gurab fileadha faobhracha focailchearta sibh ata ar slábhal ar righaibh coronta cearthbhrathacha nar riostaigheachta." "Creud do dheanam," ar Goll, "dá n-iarrthar ealadha orrainn." "Deanfad-se ealada ar bhur son," ar Fergus Finnbheoil. Do rinneadar amhlaidh sin, agus do bhualeadar rompa do chum an dúna, agus do bhualleadar béim fleisge fri fardorus na cathrach. Adubhairt an dóirseoir nach raibh an rí ins an m-baile, go n-deachaidh se do chum sellge agus nach raibh istigh acht Tailse Taolbhgheal agus a cumal coimhdeachta agus nach d-tiocfadh aonduine i n-a cionn no go d-tiocfadh an rí a bhaile.

LE SHEITH LEANTA.

White Star Line.

The Teutonic arrived at New York Wednesday at 11 a.m.

The Majestic arrived at Queenstown at 8 a.m. Wednesday.

ODD COINCIDENCES.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE TRICKS THAT FATE CAN PLAY.

Lost Articles Which Were Recovered In Most Peculiar Ways—In the View of the Science of Chances Such Things Are Not Extraordinary.

An article in Good Words by the editor, Dr. Macleod, contains a string of well authenticated coincidences. These cannot but encourage the novelist, who discovers that no invention of his can be more improbable than reality. Thus a sailor idly cuts his name on a piece of wood on Spanish shores, and the waves carry it to his sister's feet on the coast of Orkney. The Duke of Argyll startles a bird which is flying overhead, and it drops a pine cone at his feet, the vehicle of a vegetable substance almost unknown to science. A lady loses a ring, and it is found next year by her servant in a potato which she is peeling. In the same way a sportsman is said to have lost a ring on the moor. Next season he found it in a peat which he broke up and threw on a fire in a cottage.

This looks like a "variant" of a fairy tale, but the potato anecdote at least is authentic. The same may be said of the Roman bracelet thrown overboard by its owner in crossing the Firth of Forth and lately discovered by him in a shop, where it was exhibited as a relic of the Roman occupation. Fishers had dredged it from the deep, as in the case of the ring of Polycrates, which may be a true tale. The Inverness ring story has probably no evidence but that of tradition. A jeweler's boy dropped into the Ness a diamond ring which he was carrying to a customer. He fled the country, returned a rich man, and walking by the river he told his tale to a friend. To illustrate it he struck his stick into the shallow water over the gravel, and there, on the tip of the staff, was the diamond ring.

Quite recently, it is said, a young lady was traveling in an omnibus. In her purse she had all her portable wealth, threepence in coppers. Near her sat an ill looking man, dirty, wearing a large, shiny ring, which she supposed to be paste. When she alighted from the omnibus, her purse was gone, her pocket was picked, and she, with confusion of face, had to go on credit for her journey. Arrived at home she searched her pocket afresh, and therein was the seedy man's shiny ring. This was fair circumstantial evidence against her unknown fellow passenger, but somebody had the curiosity to take the ring to a jeweler. It proved to be an excellent large diamond, but advertisement did not discover the owner. He had stolen threepence and a purse, and had lost a small fortune, probably dishonestly acquired, in the process. We would judge no man hastily, and there may be some other explanation of the presence of the ring where no ring should be and the absence of the coppers.

Such things as these keep occurring. To the disinterested gaze of the science of chances it does not seem odd that they befall; the miracle would be if they did not befall. For innumerable events are eternally happening, and according to Cocker, extraordinary events must necessarily be among them. It would be extraordinary indeed if some events were not extraordinary. Thus, a man puts his name down in the Club Derby Sweep, say, opposite No. 68. He draws the winner. Next year, coming up late to town, he finds every number occupied except 68. He puts down his name there, and draws the winner again. The other sportsmen had acted on the converse of the principle of Marryat's middy, who always thrust his head in action through a hole made in the ship's timbers by a cannon ball, arguing that it would not be pierced twice.

These facts of course hit at the root of the belief in dreams. Thus, a tourist fell asleep at Ventimiglia station, dreamed of 18, hurried back to Monte Carlo and backed 18 for the maximum. It came up three times running, and he was "on" every time. He then, in a brief oration, described the circumstances and resumed his journey to Italy. This kind of thing was mathematically certain to occur one day or other, and the adventurer nicked it.

But the amateur would be very ill advised who backed his dreams, for of dreams there are millions every night, and nobody can tell whether his vision is the one of the many millions which is destined to be fulfilled in a manner that seems extraordinary to the vulgar. The calm observer, when a dream is fulfilled, does not, like the French caddy at Pau, after a brilliant shot by his employer, say "beastly fluke." He only recognizes the inevitable working of the law that out of countless incidents some must be odd. He is convinced that once in a blue moon the dealer must hold all the trumps. This blue moon not infrequently appears in the United States of America, it being "such a large place."—London News.

Bernhardt Snubbed.

Among Sarah Bernhardt's new plays are "Le Divorce Imperial," written for her by Emile Bergerat, in which she will be the Empress Josephine, and "Princesse Victorieuse," by Mme. Judith Gautier. Mme. Gautier is a daughter of Theophile Gautier, and has inherited literary talent, for she has very creditably translated a number of Japanese and other oriental works. The Bernhardt, by the way, has been trying hard to get "near to nature's heart" during the past summer by living among the fisher folk of Brittany and trying in all things to be one of themselves. But they did not take to her. She noticed how dangerous for the fishermen's boats the harbor of Sauzon is, and offered to provide them with a stanch craft to bear her name and to be used for life saving. The fishermen replied that they were willing to accept the boat, but not if it bore the name of an actress.—San Francisco Argonaut.

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His Mysterious Method of Escape Revealed by Accident.

The retired detective said: "One of the hardest chaps to run down I ever came across was one I had something to do with when I was on the London police force, many years ago. He was an all round thief, ready and willing to crib anything he could get his hands on, from a house and lot to a hot stove, and he never let anybody get their hands on him if he could help it, and he always did, while I was on the force. For the five years I was working along the dock district the fellow kept at his work, and we couldn't catch him. One night he cracked a safe and got away with $1,000 or more, and a reward was offered for him. This put us all on our mettle, and I was keen to make a reputation and had everything and everybody spotted.

"Not a hair of him, though, showed for as much as three months, and then one night I flushed him and gave chase. He went for the dock, and I was sure I had him, for there was only one way to get out of that, and that was by the water, and in this particular place he couldn't sneak under the flooring, but had to take to the open water. I wasn't ten yards behind him as he went out the dock on a run, and I saw him go over and heard the splash. It couldn't have been a second till I was in sight of all the water where he went in, but when I got there there wasn't any sign of my man, and the whole place was well lighted with lamps.

"I made a thorough search, going all around under the docks beyond the only place where he could get under, but there wasn't any man there. I was sure then that he had been drowned, and we dragged the place, but could find nothing in the shape of a man, though we did fish out a dead woman, who had evidently been in the water for a month. His body had floated off; that was all there was to it, and we congratulated ourselves on getting rid of him, even if we had lost the reward. However, six weeks later, a detective 'detected' him one night on a boat on the Thames, and just as he was going to take him in he went overboard and disappeared in the dark waters of the river. Every effort was made to find him again, but without success, and this time we were sure he had been drowned.

"For a year afterward nothing was seen of him, and then we heard of him in Liverpool, and one of the Scotland Yarders went there to take him if possible. He spotted him as usual, down about the docks, where he seemed to be careless, and again he took to the water and escaped. By this time we felt that he wasn't born to be drowned and that he would turn up again. He did, several times, and each time he got away. At last, about five years after I had been in America, I received a letter from a friend of mine at Scotland Yard to the effect that the 'water dog,' as we called him, had been captured by an accident. He had been seen near the docks by a roundsman and chased, and as he went toward the water across the dock he tripped on a rope and fell, striking his head on a stanchion, and falling into the water in an unconscious condition. He was fished out and resuscitated, but before they brought him around they discovered his amphibiousness, so to speak. Fastened about his neck was a rubber tube, 10 feet or so long, with a mouthpiece ready handy at one end, and the other end fastened into a small cork float, so that when he went into the water he staid there, either swimming away or holding to a dock pile, but never coming to the surface for air, as he got all he wanted through the tube, with its open end in the float, which wouldn't be noticed one time in a thousand in the dark in such nasty water as is about the docks. Of course they would have got on to him after awhile, but the accidental falling saved time and explained a mystery, which he no doubt guarded sacredly, even from men of his class, for I know none of the thieves we ever caught could give him away."—Washington Star.

A Grafted Snake.

Dr. G. A. Countryman of Mallette, S. D., possesses a combination snake. It is half garter and half sand snake, and this peculiar composition was made possible by a surgical operation performed by the doctor. His attention was directed to snakes from observing that when a snake is killed its tail appears to live until the sun goes down, when life ceases. It is thought by many that this is owing to the nerves, but the doctor was somewhat skeptical on this point. Being a surgeon he dissected several and made some interesting discoveries. He found that in both the sand and garter snakes the spinal column extended little more than half the length of the body. Knowing that it was possible to graft flesh, this led him to chloroform them and try splicing them, making the splice, of course, below the end of the spinal column. He made four unsuccessful attempts, but succeeded in the fifth. The grafted snake he has now is apparently in good health, and the joined parts are perfectly knitted together. Its body is of the sand snake and its tail is a garter snake's.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Tennyson.

That Tennyson hadn't good manners is the contention of Mr. Sherrard, and this young man, in support of his statement, tells the story of a visit paid by his mother in her youth to the laureate's wife. Tennyson came into the room, looked very gloomy and, in fact, snubbed the assembled company, if one may believe Mr. Sherrard.

Commenting on this tale, The New Budget says: "The absurdity of attempting to trick out Tennyson as a drawing room hero is palpable to all who knew him. It is, moreover, a species of fawning upon him which he would have been the first to resent. His manner to men and women was frankly boorish. He did not mean unkindness, but so it was that he protected or merely amused himself."

A SPRINT AND A BATH.

He Was Nearly Drowned, but He Escaped the Angry Wasps.

"When I was a boy," said an English visitor, "it used to be a great amusement for us boys to dig out wasps' nests. First of all, the wasps did great damage to the peaches, plums, green gages and nectarines, and besides we wanted the grubs for fishing bait. There is none better in the world for perch, dace, bream, gudgeon, roach and, in fact, almost any fish. Our process was to go out just at nightfall and make our way to the nest we had discovered in the day. We would stuff up the entrance with a naphtha soaked rag, and after lighting it put a sod over the hole, so that the wasps might get the full benefit of the odor. In half an hour every wasp would be harmless and stupefied, and we would set to work to dig out the nest. This is circular in shape and built with a kind of paper made from the bark of trees. As soon as we got home the nest was placed in a bucket of boiling water and left there for the night. Next morning the grubs and wasps were all nicely boiled.

"On one occasion there were a number of guests at the house, and some wanted to see what a wasps' nest was like. Well, we boys went out and got one. It was a beauty. After it had been duly examined the butler was called and told to put it in hot water. He thought next morning would do as well, and just put it on a shelf in the pantry and closed the door.

"He was down the next morning at the usual hour and went to the pantry. It was filled with a swarm of infuriated wasps which went for him at once, stinging him wherever there was any flesh exposed. He tore out of the house, followed by a swarm of yellow and black stingers, and did some grand sprinting until he reached the lake, into which he jumped without hesitation. He was nearly drowned, but he had escaped the wasps. The worst of it was, the liberated wasps immediately spread all through the house and nearly every one in it was stung. There was a strong injunction put on us boys after that never to bring a wasps' nest into the house.

"Another ugly insect is the hornet. He builds a hanging nest. Some years ago a party of us were out partridge shooting in the beginning of September and the ladies had promised to bring out luncheon and meet us at a certain spot. It was a cottage just on the edge of the woods, which was used for storing hencoops. In this cottage a swarm of hornets had made their nest.

"Among the party was a boy of about 11, who, while we were all enjoying our luncheon, got hold of his father's gun and let fly at that nest and the enraged hornets swarmed out of the open door. The women handicapped us and every one except that blessed boy was stung, and when we got home we were all a sorry sight. A plentiful application of ammonia did much to alleviate the pain. It was said afterward that the hornets that had broken up the party were not of the worst kind. I have no wish to run up against the worst kind. That evening the few of us men who came to dinner had to laugh at one another, so distorted were our faces. The women did not appear, and the choleric colonel, father of the boy, found some alleviation from his pain by soundly flogging the young rascal."—New York Tribune.

The Work of the Mississippi.

The Mississippi has in the course of ages transported from the mountains and high land within its drainage area sufficient material to make 400,000 square miles of new land by filling up an estuary which extended from its original outfall to the gulf of Mexico for a length of 500 miles, and in width from 30 to 40 miles. This river is still pouring solid matter into the gulf, where it is spread out in a fanlike shape over a coast line of 150 miles, and is filling up at the rate of 362,000,000 tons a year, or six times as much soil as was removed in the construction of the Manchester ship canal and sufficient to make a square mile of new land, allowing for its having to fill up the gulf to a depth of 80 yards.

Some idea of the vastness of this operation may be conceived when the fact is considered that some of this soil has to be transported more than 3,000 miles, and that if the whole of it had to be carried in boats at the lowest rate at which heavy material is carried on the inland waters of America, or, say, for one-tenth of a penny per ton per mile over an average of half the total distance, the cost would be no less a sum than £238,000,000 a year. Through the vast delta thus formed the river winds its way, twisting and turning by innumerable bends until it extends its length to nearly 1,200 miles, or more than double the point to point length of the delta, continually eroding the banks in one place and building up land in another, occasionally breaking its way across a narrow neck which lies between the two extremities and filling up the old channel.—Longman's Magazine.

The English "A."

Americans who affect the so called English pronunciation of the letter "a" in words like "ask," "pass" and "last" are so much inclined, especially in Boston, to overdo the matter that it is well to reprint the testimony of a Baltimore traveler who took pains while in England recently to observe critically the usage of cultivated speakers there on this point. He found in effect that their "a" was a cross between the "a" of "ah" and the "a" of "at." He listened carefully to the orthoepy of Lord Chief Justice Russell, Lord Rosebery and Lord Salisbury and to that of the eminent churchmen, and found that newhere "was there any such broad and deep pronunciation of words, and especially the letter 'a,' as we generally consider to be the English method." Their pronunciation was almost identical with that of good speakers in Baltimore and New York.—Exchange.

Glasgow In the Last Century.

Though still only a quiet, but picturesque old place, nestling about the cathedral and the college, and two fine but sleepy streets, in which carriers build their haystacks out before their doors, it was carrying on a trade which was even then cosmopolitan. The ships of Glasgow were in all the waters of the world, and its merchants had won the lead in at least one important branch of commerce, the West India tobacco trade, and were founding industries every year. Before the middle of the century the Clyde had become the chief European emporium for American tobacco, which foreign countries were not then allowed to import directly, and three-fourths of the tobacco was immediately on arrival transhipped by the Glasgow merchants for the seaports of the Mediterranean, the Baltic and the North sea.

As they widened their connections abroad they naturally developed their industries at home. They founded the Smithfield Iron works, and imported iron from Russia and Sweden to make hoes and spades for the negroes of Maryland. They founded the Glasgow tannery in 1742, which Pennant thought an amazing sight, and where they employed 300 men making saddles and shoes for the plantations. They opened the Pollokshaws linen print field in 1742, copper and tin works in 1747, the Delftfield pottery in 1748. They began to manufacture carpets and crape in 1759, silk in 1759 and leather gloves in 1768. They opened the first Glasgow bank—the Ship—in 1750, and the second—the Arms—in 1753. They first began to improve the navigation of the Clyde by the act of 1759. They built a dry dock at their harbor of Port Glasgow in 1762, while in 1768 they deepened the Clyde up to the city, and began the canal to the Forth for their trade with the Baltic. It was obvious therefore that this was a period of unique commercial expansion.—"Life of Adam Smith," by John Rae.

Profitable Ventriloquism.

Brewster tells of a master in his art, Louis Brabant, a valet de chambre to Francis I, whose suit was rejected by the parents of a beautiful and well dowered girl with whom he was in love. He called on the mother, after the death of the father, again to urge his suit, and while he was present she heard the voice of her deceased husband expressing remorse for having rejected Louis Brabant, and conjuring her to give immediate consent to the betrotha' Frightened, she consented. Brabant deeming it desirable to behave liberally in the marriage agreements, but not having much cash at command, resolved to try whether his ventriloquism would be as efficacious with a money lending banker as it had been with the widow.

Calling on the old usurer at Lyons, he managed that the subject should turn upon the subject of demons, specters, and purgatory. Suddenly was heard the voice of the usurer's fathe , complaining of the horrible sufferings he was enduring in purgatory, and saying that there was no way of obtaining alleviation except by the usurer advancing money to the visitor for the sake of ransoming Christians from the hands of the Turks. The usurer was terrified, but too much in love with his gold to yield at once.

Brabant went next day and resumed the conversation, when shortly were heard the voices of a host of dead relatives, all telling the same terrible story and all pointing out the only way of obtaining relief. The usurer could resist no longer. He placed 10,000 crowns in the hands of the unsuspected ventriloquist, who of course forgot to pay it over for the ransom of Christians either in Turkey or anywhere else.—Lippincott's.

Bad Is Good, and Good Is Bad.

The Saunterer is the victim of many woes. Imagine his conflicting emotions when reading the manuscript of a contribution like the following:

"I'm in a fix, old man."

"How so?"

"I asked old Popham last night if I might propose to his daughter."

"Well?"

"He seemed rather inclined to assent."

"That's good."

"No, it's bad."

"Why?"

"Because I have thought better of the matter by sleeping over it and now don't want to get married."

"That's bad."

"No, good—good in principle."

"But did he consent to your suggestion?"

"No."

"That's good."

"No, it's bad, because he asked me what my prospects were."

"What are they?"

"Good."

"That's bad."

"I referred him to my uncle, who intends to make me his heir, and who, in any case, will make me a handsome allowance if I marry. Popham, when he has this confirmed to him, is sure to tell me to go in and win, and I cannot then withdraw."

"That's bad. But there is a very simple way out of the difficulty."

"Bless you, old man! Explain! Explain!"

"All you have to do is to put your uncle up to the wrinkle and let him say he has cut you off with a shilling."

"That's good."

"Not bad."—Boston Budget.

After a Lion.

"Who is this Dean Swift they are talking about?" whispered a society lady to Lady Bulwer at a party. "I should so like to invite him to one of my receptions."

"Alas, madam, the dean has done something that has shut him out of society."

"Dear me, you don't say so? What a dreadful thing!" said the lady in a breath. "And what was it?" she added.

"Well, about 100 years ago he died."—London World.

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Div 10—P Cummings, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Brannigan, R S, 5039 Dryer st; Thos Galliger, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4439 Wentworth av.

Div 11—Hugh J Bradshaw, Pres, 217 Owasco st; Peter Shine, V P; John F Walsh, Rec Sec, 495 W Erie st; Daniel Kirby, Fin Sec; M J Connery, Treas. Meets in Anchor hall, cor Grand av and Paulina st, 2d and 4th Thursday, 8 p m.

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Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4325 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael M Cathy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Qusley's hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2801 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J. Taylor, Rec Sec, Alhambra Building; M Sullivan, Fin Sec; M O'Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Schaefer's hall, 25th place and Canal st.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1353 47th st; John McGaughan, V P; John Toner, Rec Sec, 4410 Dryer st; James McCann, Fin Sec; Patk Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m, at 47th st and Ashland av.

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Div 29—P J O Reilly, Pres, P O Box 358, Pullman; P J Tully, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, P O Box 1329, Pullman; P Keyes, Fin Sec; Chas Corkery, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday each month in Holy Rosary church, Pullman, 5 p m.

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Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 839 Thirty-seventh st; M O Brien, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3656 Emerald av; P O Gorman, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month 8 p m, in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts.

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St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, P J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1085 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 918 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 409 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 62 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seibel, 164 W 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry B Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Enlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lilling. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter K Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North av and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Brings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Cybourne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Keane. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3809 Keddle av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, Joseph Flynn; T, Thomas Carney. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Carney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Hendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Hilbert; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 7:30 and 3d Tuesday at 7:30 in Runt's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burke; T, P C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Beckling, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo P Trassen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John Wessenmitt; T, L H Schlagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in R S A paonsus hall, corner Southport and Addison sts.

Laval No 41—C R, Alcide Fournier, 3060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2853 Archer av; F S, P Delisise; T, Joseph Boutard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3040 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3142 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 268 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Hemmin; T, P Mueller Meet in Arnold's W

McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Deane, 592 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John Freeman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cassat and Chicago av

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We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER No. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER No. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER No. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER No. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS. HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER No. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case...$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."

14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—No. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."

LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH — No. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes

OBITUARY.

MR. PATRICK HUGHES.

Mr. Patrick Hughes died at his residence, 119 Huron street, Wednesday afternoon. Deceased was until recently bailiff at the East Chicago Avenue Station, and a man of considerable prominence in politics. He was a brother of Michael Hughes, member of the Democratic central committee from the Twenty-third ward. Services were held at the Holy Name Cathedral Saturday morning. Interment was at Calvary.

Something Interetsing to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Raolroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

"The Niagara Falls Route."

The Commissioner of Railroads of the State of Michigan gave, in his annual report for 1893, the following valuable and voluntary expert testimony to the character of the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," from Chicago to New York, Boston and the East, after a careful inspection of the system:

"Nothing can be added in the way of favorable comment on this excellent line. The main line is as near perfection in the way of construction, appointments, service and able management as can be conceived in modern railroading. No skill or expenditure has been spared to make it the model railroad of the country. Improvements are constantly being added in the way of heavier and substantial construction, interlocking appliances, etc. The general appearance of the property, the symmetry of the grade, cleanliness of the right of way, station buildings with ornamental and well-kept grounds and perfect fences, attract special attention."

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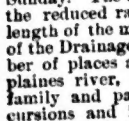

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